

Light of Truth.

Exponent of the New Philosophy of Life, Here and Hereafter.

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Written for the Light of TRUTH]

Led to the Light.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER XXII.

LIBERTY.

The day for the trial of Sherwood Canning approached, yet the most vigilant detectives had gained no evidence in his favor; circumstances stood against him as black as at first, and, supported by prejudice, such proof often convicts the innocent.

Mr. Canning's attention had been absorbed by the heresy trial and the establishment of the organization in the hall after the suspension of Arling from the Church. The Arlings were overwhelmed by the mysterious disappearance of Stella. Asphodel had left her one evening more than usually happy, and, on returning an hour after, had gone and left not a word in explanation. She had been seen in company with Waldro and the latter had, shortly after, been rescued from the river, into which he had plunged, and Stella's hat had been found in the rushes on the river's bank. When he was dragged out of the water he was in a more than ordinary confused condition of mind and could give no coherent explanation.

"I had a dream, Miss Stanwick came to me and brought my hat full of whiskey. I thought I'd ride down to the river in it."

The event was the talk of the town, and the tongue of gossip wagged the more ceaselessly, as it had no clue on which to hang its perversions. The only trace was the hat by the river, and there was no motive connected therewith. Yet it became a settled conviction by some means, fair or foul, that she had been drowned, and they dragged the old cannon that had done service on the fourth of July in fulminating patriotism, to the river's bank, and with heavy charges sought to bring the body to the surface. The wildest stories were circulated, started no one knew how or by whom, seemingly growing out of the air, and all of them marked by the peculiarity that they were slanderous. An angel from heaven would not escape insinuation from the village gossips.

"She was sly, and had eloped with a man to whom she had become attached while at school. A romantic affair." "Eloped with one she became acquainted with at school. A romantic affair." Another version was that "she had been disappointed and cast herself into the river." "Waldro had, in a moment of insanity, thrown her into the water." He was arrested, and after examination, in which he knew less and less as it was continued, was released on his father's bond. The only clearly defined idea that he had, and clung to, was that Keller was pledged to furnish him with unlimited quantities of whiskey, which he did, keeping him intoxicated most of the time.

The agony of suspense endured by Asphodel was beyond expression. The sisters were united by strongest ties of similarity of tastes, views, and sentiment. They had no secrets from each other and hence the mystery of her disappearance was the greater.

Mr. Canning came in to comfort and be comforted. It was Sunday evening, and Mr. Arling was giving the hour to relaxation.

"Glad a thousand times to see you, Mr. Canning," he exclaimed, "I am in need of some one to hold up my hands by telling me how my lecture was accepted."

"Well, you may be certain, better than any sermon you ever gave. The crowded hall ought to show you how popular you are. There was a beggarly showing at the church, only a few old fossils. The active members to a man are with you."

"I regret being the cause of dissension in the church, and feel keenly the thrusts made at me by my former brethren."

"So might Luther. We want the truth, dissention or no dissention. Our independent Church at the hall is a moral and intellectual force in this community, such as no Church has ever been before. But I have a more important subject in my mind, I mean Stella."

Mrs. Arling understood well his meaning, and replied, suppressing her tears:

"Mr. Canning, we have not a word!"

"I came in, thinking perhaps we might gain knowledge from our spirit friends."

"Oh, I have invoked them, but my mind is dark, I can not see."

In this she had the experience of all sensitives, who, when most desirous of assistance from spirits, are least gratified to receive. Grief shuts out the spiritual light with opaque clouds.

"We can make the trial, and perhaps we may receive some slight message," said Arling.

They sat around the table, and, after a time, Asphodel's face lighted with a glow of joy.

"She is not dead! I see her in a strange room in a city far away. Her surroundings are, too, elegant and luxurious. She is thinking of us. Now she weeps. She is in fear of a great danger which threatens her." Asphodel sobbed in sympathy.

"In what direction is she?" asked Arling.

"I am drawn this way," pointing to the East.

"Can you not name the city?"

Vainly she essayed this simple matter. What an unreliable source of information, that could trace a person to a city a thousand miles away and give a description of her thoughts and surroundings and yet be incapable of giving the name of the locality! Yet such are the limitations of clairvoyance and spirit-communion. We must accept what comes to us, and seek an understanding of these checks and limitations.

"Will she be restored to us?" asked Canning.

A change flitted over her face, and it was not her unaided clairvoyance which directed her, but an independent intelligence. She spoke in a deep, masculine voice:

"The serpent shall be brought to justice; the wrong shall be righted. You must have patience for a little time. A letter will come to-morrow and explain all."

"Can you not prove yourself what you claim by informing us now what the letter contains?"

The influence could not or would not tell, and passed away. The clairvoyant state returned, and Asphodel, turning to Mr. Canning, said:

"You have in your pocket a treasure given you to keep. It contains a letter of great value to you."

"You refer to the little purse Rodgers gave me to-day to keep?"

"Yes, open it and read the letter."

Mr. Canning obeyed by unclasping the purse and taking from it a closely folded piece of paper. Unfolding it he read:

DEAR MILDRED: Come to Fordham by the evening train. I will meet you. HOWARTH.

Mr. Canning's hand trembled with his emotion:

"Yes, this is indeed a valuable piece of paper," he exclaimed. "I see clearly, the poor girl was enticed to come to her old home to be murdered by the evangelist!"

"Oh, say not so!" cried Asphodel, now awakened, but still abnormally sensitive, "he can not be such a villain."

"Here is the evidence, morally conclusive, not sufficient, but leading up perhaps to that which will insure conviction."

At this moment Rodgers entered, with apologies for his intrusion. Rodgers, whom we first met a trembling sot and vagabond, was transformed into a man, held in his conduct by the magnetic power of Mr. Canning, who treated him so kindly he was strong in the determination not to disappoint him. He hurriedly explained that Keller had returned by the evening train and fallen in altercation with an associate. Revolvers had been drawn, and he had received a ball in his chest. He could live only a few hours, the doctor informed him, and he said in that case he wished to see Mr. Canning and Mr. Arling, and they must bring a magistrate, for he had something very important to tell them."

They were quickly on their way, stopping at Judge Arthers and getting him to join them. They found Keller in the back room of his saloon, lying on a rude bench bolstered up by a bundle of sacking. An ashy pallor overspread his brawny and hardened face. Death evidently was soon to claim his blasted spirit. The doctor was making an examination of the wound, carefully testing the plug of cotton he had inserted, he found that the moment it was loosened the blood spurted out, and he saw that death would quickly follow its removal.

"What you have to say, you must say quickly," said the physician.

"I have much to say," painfully said the dying man. "I have wronged you and will do what I can to make restitution. Judge, I am going out of your hands, and the Supreme Judge will sentence me. To begin, there was old Budd Rodgers' girl, Mildred."

Rodgers started forward eagerly.

"Howarth gave me a thousand dollars to kill her."

"Did you do it?" cried Rodgers fiercely.

"I met her, as I agreed with Howarth to do, at the depot, and led her along the back streets, and when no one was in sight, I struck her with a sand-bag and killed her. The deacon's fool came along and Canning just in time to take the curse from my shoulders."

"And you allowed young Canning to bear the imputation of this awful crime?" indignantly exclaimed Judge Arther.

"Don't be hard on me, judge, I can't say whether I'd have let him have been hung or not. I am not a devil, though under Howarth's mastership I think I should have become one. There was the robbery of Baum, the jeweler at Hampton. Howarth planned it, and Hale and I did the job. My share of the goods are in that box under the rags. Howarth has all the finest jewels in his trunk at the Hoffman in New York."

He gasped and fainted. The doctor forced a spoonful of brandy into his mouth, and after an interval he again struggled back to life, as though by the iron will of the spirit.

"I must tell you one thing more. We carried away your Stella!"

"What say you?" cried Arling. "Where is she?"

"In New York; where, I can not tell you, for Howarth sent me to the hotel, while he carried her away in a huck."

"Where is Howarth?"

"He is safe in the Tombs, being caught in the act of robbing a bank."

Again he nearly fainted. "Water," he whispered.

He drank.

"It once was beer or whiskey," he muttered, "but a dying man wants water. Doctor!"

"Yes."

"Doctor, I am better—the—pain has gone!"

The pallor grew ghostly.

"Doctor! One word—judge—say—you will want Howarth—the name he had there is—is—Margrave—judge—no the prisoner has nothing to say—give him as much mercy as you can—he is not quite a—a—dev—."

From the intense struggle of the will against the collapsing body, the hold of the spirit was broken, the muscles relaxed, and over the hard face fell an expression of repose; of the gentle rest of the strong man after his day's labor.

The little company stood in silence, awed by the presence of death, and overcome by the revelations they had received.

The judge was first to speak. He reached out his hand to Mr. Canning.

"You will now do what I have so often advised, bring your case before me. I would have given Sherwood his liberty at any time, had you asked it of me."

"I know. It is not your fault, but he would not allow it. Absolute vindication was his demand, and he would not go out until it was his."

"Come to-morrow early, and your son shall walk out, with a character free from stain. Farther than that the State can not require. It is a shame and disgrace to our laws that a man may be thus imprisoned on suspicion and, however innocent, can not gain redress."

Rodgers stood over the dead body with a look of mingled grief and hatred.

"You robbed me of all I had, Bill Keller. Home, wife, character, and last, when I had set about trying to be a man again, you killed my little Mildred when she was coming home to me."

Grief overcame him. Mr. Canning placed his hand on Rodgers' shoulder and said soothingly:

"We can not change the past, the future only is ours, and we must go on, making the most of the day that is left us."

"I will, I will," he replied. "You saved me by trusting in me when everyone cast me off, and I will prove you did not misplace your confidence."

It was a joyful moment for Mr. Canning when he went to the jail next morning and led his son out of the gloomy building.

He hurriedly explained the events which had led to his

liberation, and last to the fate of Stella. To Sherwood this cast a shadow so dark that his liberation seemed a mockery. What to him was liberty or vindication, if Stella were torn away to an unknown fate? If he were not to meet her he preferred the prison and death. As they walked along the main street they were met by crowds of people, desirous to shake hands and congratulate him. They knew it would be proven that he was innocent. It was a shame he had been imprisoned, and if they had had their way he would not have been for a moment. The mayor was a donkey, and the prosecutor a fool. Such sentiments expressed on the day of the trial would have been valuable. Now they were as sounding words, which he accepted for what they were worth. Mankind retains the animal instinct to destroy the weak and unfortunate. Success is glorified and assisted, failure, provided with a free toboggan and a greased track to limbo.

They met Marshal Lusk who gave them a true-hearted welcome. He had just been in consultation with the judges, who had decided to have the prosecutor at once act in Howarth's case. He would have a requisition from the governor, and the marshal was to bring the evangelist to Fordham for trial.

"If we rely on Asphodel's words, Sherwood, you may find it well to accompany the marshal," said Arling.

"I assuredly rely on what she has said which my father has told me, and gladly will I avail myself of the opportunity. I will compel the miscreant Howarth to tell me where she is."

"Now, that you are not allowed to put him to torture, you may fail in compulsion," said the marshal, laughing at the absurdity of Sherwood's methods of extorting evidence. "Perhaps," he added, "you might have him placed under examination and cross examination for two or three days at a stretch, which is as near the torture-chamber as we can go now-a-days, and severe torture enough."

"A letter was promised to day," said Arling, "and the Eastern mail has arrived. Accompany me home, and perhaps the carrier has left it for us. At all events you must take dinner with me in honor of your liberation. I have a fellow feeling with you, you and I were in prison, you behind stone and iron bars, I behind creeds. We are both at liberty."

When they reached Mr. Arling's residence they were met by Asphodel, holding a letter in her hand, and trembling with excitement.

"It has come," she exclaimed. "What was told you is verified, and, oh, my God, can I say it, away far out on the ocean in the hands of a fiend."

She wrung her hands in agony.

"No, Asphodel," said Arling, "be comforted, for it is not as irremediable as that. We have learned that Howarth is in jail, and hence can not harm her for the present."

"Oh, say you so? Yet how can that be true? Allow me to read the letter:

DEAR ASPHODEL: The maid has promised to send you this letter, yet I have no faith that it will reach you. Should it do so, it will tell you that I love you with my latest breath, and that my misfortune was not brought on me by waywardness of mine. Waldro brought me a letter signed Sherwood, requesting me to come at once to the jail as his letter, and I was led by Waldro to some place, I know not where, made unconscious, and brought here. Howarth has been here to-day. He has engaged passage to Europe. If I will not marry him, I go as his insane wife, whose complaints are silenced by certificates of well-known physicians. The ship sails to-morrow morning and escape is impossible. You will think it better I were dead, as I do myself. I have prayed to die, but that is as useless as to endeavor to escape. When you read this I shall be on the sea beyond reach. Remember me kindly, and that you all are dear to me, though we may never meet again.

STELLA.

Number — Fifth Avenue, New York."

"The letter was written before the arrest of Howarth," said Canning, "and hence she has not been taken away by him, and is yet there."

"My task is made easy by the letter," rejoined Sherwood, "I now know exactly where to go for her, and I will not wait for the marshal and the tedious processes of law."

"When you find the poor child," said Asphodel, "tell her that we doubted her not for a moment, and our hearts ache for her, and the gladdest moment of our lives will be when we welcome her back."

[To be Continued.]

(From Our Reporter's Note-Book.)

A TRUMPET CIRCLE.

A seance for trumpet manifestations can be reported in two ways—socially and scientifically, or phenomenally and philosophically. To adopt the first-named exclusively would, perhaps, be most gratifying to those who attended; but it would simply be a body without soul to the outsider—a Munchausen tale to the skeptic. The non-participant wants to know what evidence there is for accepting the reported phenomena as genuine. A test, therefore, is in order, to give the report scientific value or lend verity to the whole.

To begin, then, it must be said that shortly after the circle was formed (with a number of trumpets arrayed as marshaling hosts in the center, and the lights put out) one of the trumpets leveled itself at the writer's head, and whispered a name which he recognized. Interested in what else might come, he lent an ear to the invisible agent, and something was whispered which had occurred to him at home that noon—something unknown to anyone present, with no possibility of it being known. It was a spirit-test, and as such had scientific value to the writer. Another interesting and practical test was received by a lady immediately behind the reporter. A spirit whispered to her the name of B—B—B—, said the lady, apparently puzzled, "I don't remember you." Then the spirit spoke again, and said: "You buy your vegetables from my wife in the market." With a hearty laugh the lady replied, "Oh, yes, that's true; now I know who you are." Others claimed to have received tests equally as convincing; but as most of those present had been convinced ere this, they undoubtedly have preference for a social report, which, however, is not out of order now, and, under the circumstances, will prove interesting to all readers of this.

Immediately after the lights were lowered, two spirits manifested simultaneously. One was the irrepressible Jimmie Johnson, and the other known as Pat, who ordered, in strong brogue, to have the door leading to an ante-room closed to exclude a stream of light that was coming in.

Singing followed this, in which the spirits joined, some doing so independently, and some through the trumpet.

Then began the feast. Names were called and recognized; whispered conversations held by two, three, and four spirits with their mortal friends at one time—several in German, "Frits" being especially amusing when importuned by Jimmie to "talk United States," spirit lights flitted by as a change; Indian war-whoops broke the stillness when least expected; some laughed; some whistled tunes through the trumpet as well as independently in mid-air. One spirit demanded an Irish tune to be played, which was accordingly done, and in response all the trumpets spoke in the brogue. "Father Halley" followed with a Latin hymn; Emma Abbott sang by request, after having announced her presence through a trumpet. John Morris came momentarily, and said he had slipped off for a minute to give a greeting. Dr. Schmidt held a lengthy conversation in German. Dr. Tupper,

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Written for the *Light of Truth*.

THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN [THE FORGIVE THE MEDIUMSHIP OF "—"]

A government is not just, nor purely and truly democratic, under which a single individual has not every right and immunity enjoyed by every other individual. Any and every law which discriminates, favoring one class at the expense of another, is wrong, and breeds the seeds of revolution. While all, in the very nature of things, can not be equal in powers of mind and in capacity to seize the opportunities presented to them, agrarian leveling is not advisable, even impracticable, and this very fact necessitates wise provisions of government to protect those crowded from the vantage ground; yet this self evident duty is the one most neglected. Laws are made for the strong, not for the weak, who have no voice in their enactment, and in no department has this been more confirmed than in finance.

Money is a convenience of trade. It is a measure and representative of value, and may be such with or without intrinsic value of its own. Perhaps there never was a greater infatuation than for a people to believe that gold is wealth, and yet there never was a belief more sacredly held. It is instilled by education, and reiterated by statesmen. It is further aggravated by the claim that gold is the only money, and the loss of gold means loss of wealth.

The falsity of this belief will be apparent when we consider the result on this nation should every dollar of money, greenbacks, bank notes, gold, and silver, be destroyed. Would the nation be poorer, and by how much? The value of the paper money is the cost of making; and being re-made, all domestic transfers could be as readily performed, and no value would have perished. As the gold could not be worn or serve as food, it would not be missed until we wished to purchase in foreign markets, then we would find ourselves losers by that much value, yet all we have does not represent the foreign purchases of a single year. Domestically, the nation would be poorer by the value gold and silver have in the arts.

Money, in any form, to be money, must represent value; must represent the labor which has come in possession of it, and give assurance that it will purchase that labor again, or the products of it. Its value may not be in its intrinsic worth, but entirely representative. Such a currency, ideally, would give advantage to none. It passes from hand to hand, fulfilling its mission. It is furnished by the government to the people for their use, and not for the advantage of a class.

Simple as this may appear of the functions of money, from immemorial time—for the money-changer was a feature of the sanctuary scourged therefrom—there has been a class standing by the side of the tyrant ruler, manipulating money for their exclusive gain, and suggesting the laws which played the wealth of the nations into their hands.

The fiction has always been that the only money was gold, with occasionally the acceptance of silver, and the issue of paper, based on the precious metals, for the purpose of grasping wealth by the disparity between the created and fluctuating values of these. There never was a more stupendous falsehood foisted on mankind, and none has better served to keep the masses in poverty. For whatever the financial laws might be, or the value placed on gold, silver, or paper, it has ever been done by the financiers for their own emolument against the laborers.

Money, which earns nothing, is inert and passive, has been made the most active and potential of all the forces of social life. We have a government of, by, and for the people, and yet there is not a single financial law on our statute books made at the demands of the people. Every great scheme of finance was hatched in Wall Street. Every banking law has been enacted at the suggestion of bankers, although this was necessarily so, for the bankers held the fortunes of war and the throat of the nation, and since that time it has been the same. The advantage gained has not been relinquished. Is it for a moment conceivable that the united bankers devise laws which uphold and make possible their vast schemes for other than their own advantage? Or are there people so verdant as to believe that Wall Street is laboring exclusively for the good of the nation?

A nation can not prosper and maintain a lie, any more than can an individual. The lie may be patched over and concealed, but it will after a time break down under the burden that only the sturdy back of truth can bear.

This nation has been living a financial lie. It has said—the banks have said, and the people been all believing—that the only money was gold, and more, that the only thing on earth that could be a base for representative money was gold. The honor and good faith of 65,000,000 people was as nothing beside a yellow disc of metal.

On the strength of this tremendous lie over \$750,000,000 of paper has been issued, and for this \$100,000,000 in gold is kept in reserve. As it is announced that all kinds of money are to be kept at par, the silver reserve is of no value in redemption. The efforts of the treasury are Herculean to hold this reserve, which has been set without any reason or cause. If there should be a persistent run on the treasury, it would soon have to suspend; and if the paper represents gold, there should be deposited dollar for dollar. One hundred million dollars are thus guaranteed: What does the other \$650,000,000 in circulation represent? Possibly, under different ruling, silver at sixty cents on the dollar guarantees a part, but the vast sum is guaranteed by the integrity, faith, and honesty of the American people, represented in their government. Let every dollar of gold go out of the treasury, and return the burdensome bars of silver to commerce; and if the idolatry to the gold bug could be effaced from the national mind, there would be no disaster, but increasing prosperity, and the financial problem, which boils and seethes like a witch's pot, around which bankers of high and low degree gather, while the secretary of the treasury awaits their divination as an oracle from the Most High, would become least of all perplexities.

The government, to escape, may sell bonds to maintain the lie which rests at the foundation of this scheme of finance. It will have to sell a great many bonds to pay for these, and will be ever in the position of the man who, when he renewed his note at the bank at a higher rate of interest, thanked God that another debt was paid. It may and, at last, will find that of the roads open before it, it has taken a blind alley.

There are two roads now; one is to shake off the "Old Man of the Sea," the incubus of the ages, and rely on the people. The government is the people. Cease the vain attempt to make gold and silver of equal value. It is difficult enough to keep one metal consistent with itself—so difficult that in the hands of "financiers" it has been more elastic than a strip of rubber. The attempt of the government to "corner" silver has been a terrible failure, and a less wealthy nation would have been bankrupted. Is it money or is it not? If it is, let it be declared so; and if it is not, let that fact be known. Pay out the gold reserve as demanded, with the assurance that it is a fetish which will be no longer worshipped. Then the power of the golden calf will be broken, and every laborer in the nation rejoice.

And the other way? Is to go on living the lie, worshiping the lie, and piling up retribution against the day when fail-

ure comes. For this financial mill, so planned that when grinding the grists, every soul of the people is compelled to bring to it, takes the grists for toll, leaving the owners only enough to support life while they are producing it, can not run forever. The people are being rapidly educated, and are beginning to understand the machinery by which their grists vanish, leaving them a little flour and the bran.

Reported for the *Light of Truth*

A REMARKABLE SEANCE.

A. P. BOWSER.

The developing circle which meets at Mr. Willis' residence at 204 East Third Street, each Monday evening, comprised of fifteen members, were apprised several weeks ago by Mr. Willis' control, John Morris, that he desired to give them a special seance on Saturday evening, May 20th. The members of the circle eagerly grasped the opportunity, and each looked forward to the time when they would be able to behold the good things in store.

Among them present were the following people: Mrs. Azzman and daughter, Mrs. Brete, Mr. Foethang, Mr. E. E. Kruthoffer, Dr. Walker, Mr. Kimppe and wife, Mrs. Miller, Miss Augusta Brandt, Mr. Seligrove, Mr. Hally, Mr. Ransom, Mrs. Annie Neelan, Mrs. West Willis, Josephine Willis, Master Sargent Willis, Mr. A. P. Bowser, and others unknown to the writer.

The circle met promptly at the appointed time, and was supplemented by eight or ten others who were permitted to come upon special invitations of members.

The organ was placed in the rear of the room, Mrs. Kruthoffer presiding as organist, and a choir composed of members of the circle occupied seats in close proximity. After Mr. Willis, the medium, had arranged the sitters to secure the best magnetic effect, he proceeded to bolt the door and windows, and extended the usual invitation to any one who so desired to examine for themselves and ascertain if any possibility could exist for intrusion by mortals. At this juncture the light was partially subdued and the curtain of the cabinet pulled down.

The meeting was opened by repeating the Lord's prayer, after which the organist and choir played and sang several songs. During this interval there was no indication of spirit presence. Some one in the circle recognizing the fact that John Morris was a good soldier when in earth life, began singing "Marching Through Georgia," or the famous song of the "Sherman Boys." At the close of this song, Mr. Willis remarked, "This is discouraging." Scarcely had he uttered the sentence ere we heard an independent voice remark, "Be patient, we will be with you soon."

Mr. Morris, grand spirit that he is, soon appeared and greeted one and all in a cordial manner. We were informed that conditions were none of the best on account of the heavy atmosphere and electrical disturbance. However, regardless of these disadvantages we hoped to be able to prove the immortality of man and that spirits do return to the mortal. We were also apprised of the fact that individual manifestations would not be given. The seance was of a special nature and the result of a newly developed phase of the medium.

While singing the song "I Would Not Live Always," there appeared a magnificent spirit in the center of the circle robed in Russian costume and under full light, bowed and smiled pleasantly to each, then announced herself as Madam Blavatsky. She continued to walk about the circle and gave each an opportunity to observe her every feature and expression. Suddenly her visible presence vanished, and we could only feel the impression of her noble soul remaining.

We again engaged in singing, when Miss Emma Abbott appeared and requested from the cabinet that we sing "Down the Swannee River." The organist played and Miss Abbott, in full glare of the light, standing outside the cabinet, sang as she perhaps never sang before in measured, rich voice. It is impossible for the pen to describe that grand sweet voice! Those present who have heard Miss Abbott sing while in earth life, are loud in their praise and claim that this effort was unsurpassed by her in the mortal. Noticing how agreeably surprised, also how each one appreciated her song—the organist seeming to divine her wish—proceeded to play "Home, Sweet Home." In a modified voice she sang one verse (power growing weak) which was equal in expression and sweetness.

Miss Abbott was richly dressed with long train and magnificent profusion of lace and trimmings. The features were clear cut and discernible under the bright light afforded. Her gestures were perfect and fully characteristic. She appeared to us and sang, assuming the same individuality and personality as in earth life.

There seemed to be a succession of startling phenomena. Miss Abbott scarcely disappeared ere three beautiful female spirits appeared. The writer immediately knew them as the "Fox Sisters," and was happy to learn the truth of his promptings.

Following the Fox sisters a most remarkable materialization of forms ensued. There appeared seven at one time, observed by all present. The writer occupying a rear seat could see even more who were in the other room, and presumed them to represent the different controls. We have no hesitancy in claiming three or four forms materializing at one time.

Mr. Morris requested us to remain quiet for a short time and he would endeavor to speak independently. He spoke at considerable length, informing us what we had seen we, in all probability, never would be able to see again. While we had been thus favored, it was the result of great effort to bring such an array of characters together, and he doubted his ability to do so again.

Charles Sargent, an old-time and well-known citizen of Cincinnati, who passed to spirit life a short time ago, spoke intelligently through the trumpet. His voice was recognized by many present, and he greeted those by name who knew him in earth life. Some one asked the question, "Charley, are you satisfied?" He replied, "I have to be; I have no other recourse. Friends," he continued, "I desire to admonish you to so live in the mortal that, when you make the great change, you can face without fear or reproach the mysteries that will confront you. This place is a poor place to make amends for evils of earthly existence. Good bye."

A German spirit, announcing himself as Dr. Schmidt, addressing his remarks to Mr. Kruthoffer, gave all a friendly greeting in the German tongue. He claimed to live, while in earth life, on Ninth Street, Cincinnati, O.

There were numerous incidents transpiring which were observed by the writer, who will, however, refrain from overburdening your valuable paper.

Mr. Morris requested us to close the circle by singing the Lord's Prayer.

After singing and repeating the same, Mr. Willis asked the question, "Shall we close?" In response three raps were given, signifying "Yes."

Amid numerous voices of spirits saying "Good-bye, mother," "Good-bye, father," "Good-bye, brother," etc., a match was lighted, and the curtain to the cabinet, suspended in mid air, fell against a trumpet, precipitating it to the floor; and thus we reluctantly closed a most remarkable seance.

Church members who cry, "no taxation without representation" should also be consistent enough to permit taxpayers to demand that there be no Church representation in government without taxation.

A Seance by Mrs. M. E. Williams.

To the Editor of the *Light of Truth*

It has been my privilege to be present at a recent materializing seance held at the home of Mrs. M. E. Williams, 212 West Forty-Sixth Street, New York, and I am constrained to say that the entire proceeding was a revelation to me.

On some few occasions I have formed a link in circles, but at no time was I impressed with the dignity and impressiveness of the moment as I was at this particular seance. There were about thirty persons present, and from general appearance they all converged from the busy marts of life to find peace in spirit communion, and the blessed hope of a future that consoles and stimulates man in the whirling of business. Each member of the circle seemed lost in introvert reflection, and I was unexpectedly surprised by the respectful or religious atmosphere that settled over all. There were many men in that circle who religiously awaited the appearance of some loved friend from the brighter side of the curtain, whom one would be more likely to meet on the street discussing the latest phase of the "cordage collapse." And even the scoffing, editorial people were represented on this occasion, with respectful demeanor.

The first seance under the management of Mr. Edgar C. Gardner, with Mr. H. W. Archer as medium, took place on Friday evening, the 19th of May, at the latter's residence on Gilbert Avenue, this city. The circle was composed of about a dozen, all told—a good number for generating the proper magnetic relations between the medium or the spirits and the sitters.

The first thing in order was the examination of the cabinet. This is a handsome framework of black walnut, made to fit across a corner of any room. Besides being paneled all through, it has an artistic cornice as a finish. In the centre is a sliding door with a window, which is closed for half-form materializations. Otherwise the aperture is covered by portières. This cabinet is an ideal of the friends of Mr. Archer in Springfield, O., who had it constructed especially for his use, and thus presented it to him in token of their high appreciation for his mediumship. It has a good aura about it. The interior is lined with black cloth, hanging loosely against the rear walls. This cloth can be lifted by the investigator for the purpose of examining the same. The floor is carpeted—being a continuation of the room carpet—and nailed fast all around. When all have satisfied themselves as to solidity of everything about the medium, the circle is formed and the seance begins. While Mrs. Archer sings, the medium passes into a trance on a chair outside of the cabinet, which takes perhaps two or three minutes. No sooner is this effected, than a spirit appears—generally little Jimmie Johnson, a bright little fellow of about ten years, who has the wisdom of a sage. He was followed by a beautiful young lady, Lillie Roberts, who, after showing herself fully to the circle, took the entranced medium by the arm and led him into the cabinet, whereupon she momentarily returned and then retired again. In rotation followed a young lady, recognized as the daughter of a prominent physician present a six-foot Atlantean; Starlight, who dematerialized outside of the cabinet. Then the cabinet door was closed and at the window appeared a stranger, not recognized; an Egyptian, recognized by a gentleman present, as his guide; Edna and Eddy, recognized; Alice Rosmore who materialized two sprays of — and left them to be distributed among the circle; Yarma, another Atlantean, who called up the reporter, extended his hand to him, knelt down a moment, and rising up again was transformed from a six-foot brawny, full-bearded, long-faced man, into a five-foot, round-faced, coquettish-looking woman, calling herself Belle Wilson—the transformation from an ancient spirit to a modern belle was the work of ten seconds. Next came a lady spirit to another well-known physician present, followed by Jimmie again, who performed his floating act, speaking while moving upward and disappearing over the top of the cabinet. Next came Evaline, a pretty damsel, handing a tea-rose, fresh with the dew on it, to a young man present—the latter accepting it as a test, best known to himself. Then came Lillie to Mrs. Bartholomew; a face not recognized; a young man not recognized; a white-bearded spirit not recognized; then two spirits, who, after a moment's view, went down like a flash. This was followed by a big Indian, who gave a yell to be heard a block off; followed by Miahmiah; and Peggy and Carrie Miller arm in arm, showing the contrast of a black and white spirit—one having a pug nose and the other Grecian nose.

My companion at this circle of which I write was just such a person as Mrs. Williams delights to have at her meetings. Every communication was criticized, every manifestation was thoughtfully regarded; and when Prof. Kiddle's spirit walked around the room, accompanied by the spirit of a lady unknown to the writer, my friend did not put the question as to "how the spirit hand felt," but was lost in wonder at the life-like resemblance. This manifestation of Prof. Kiddle, attired in evening dress, certainly was beyond dispute. I had the pleasure of a conversation with the gentleman on more than one occasion when he was in the flesh, and I can say that it was a perfect manifestation. I can not say that the voice bore the similarity to the professor's, but those better versed in spiritual phenomena very likely could explain this; neither had it the slightest suspicion of the accent of the medium. She was suffering from a severe cold, but the voice of the spirit was clear.

The medium had scarcely drawn the folds of the cabinet together, and taken her seat in the chair, than the marvelous spirit power asserted itself; for before the lights could be lowered "Priscilla," attired in the garb of some religious order, issued from the cabinet and blessed the meeting.

I have frequently heard Mrs. Williams speak at public gatherings, but I never heard her say that she believed in "blessing," and this to me would confirm her statement that she "knows absolutely nothing of what occurs during the period of spirit influence."

"Bright Eyes" was there at the same time, and did not seem to be a bit more awed by the solemnity of the hour than a child of our own homes.

Phoebe and Alice Cary conversed for quite a while with a gentleman, evidently engaged in literary pursuits, judging from their conversation. He asked, "Will you help me?" "We will," was the reply. "Then I am sure I shall succeed."

Carrie Miller, the spirit daughter of Mr. Chas. H. Miller, of Brooklyn, very eagerly looked for recognition. I was much interested in this spirit, knowing, in a business way, her father to be an earnest and enthusiastic defender of the spiritual cause (though, perhaps, he is not aware of my existence). But an acquaintance of her father, Mr. S. Cox, of Brooklyn, recognized her, and it was pathetic in the extreme to note the intensity of her desire that her papa should be told she manifested, and that she wished to be spoken of tenderly to him. Mr. Cox assured her that he would respect her wishes, and the spirit effusively thanked him.

Mr. Cox asked the controlling spirit if his wife would manifest that evening, and Mr. Cushman replied: "I am prudent in making promises, as results are dependent upon conditions." He afterwards had an interview with his wife.

There were two young ladies present; and from all I could gather from the prattle of "Bright Eyes," they hailed from Boston. They were in constant communication with the cabinet spirits, and one of those ladies, particularly, Miss —, was very much impressed with the prevailing influence, so much so as to draw admiring protests from the cabinet. The spirit of "Rose" called for this lady, and there was a joyful meeting, indeed. For a short time they chatted on topics of private concern, and then there was a good deal of commotion, for Miss — had either become very hysterical or the spiritual influence was too overpowering, and at a request from the cabinet she was borne to her seat.

A gentleman named Henderson talked with some friends, S. D. Nichols and Mr. Samuel Bogart were names that I caught, but so many spirits were on the floor at the same time that it was impossible to keep track of names and incidents.

Several forms would come through the folds of the cabin curtain, names would be announced by "Bright Eyes" and Mr. Cushman, and after a greeting with their friends would slowly disappear at the feet of the audience. At the same moment some other spirit or spirits would be holding converse with friends in another part of the room.

One spirit, that seemed to find it difficult at first to secure recognition, at last found a friend, of whom it was requested that Charlie be told that Uncle Hiram is here practicing. Vigorous raps were heard during this communication.

Charles Partridge connected with the first Spiritualist

paper started in New York, and Principal of the Twenty-Eighth Street School, was readily recognized by a gentleman who exploited an ultra-military air and commandingly deserved demeanor.

The form of a young man appeared to the audience, wearing what appeared to be a handkerchief, and in a smothered voice he called out, "Gus, old man, I am alive." Mr. Wasser, man found in this spirit his friend of earth, Frederick Brokan, of New York, who at Saratoga, last summer, lost his life in an endeavor to rescue two young girls from drowning.

Dr. Holland's spirit did not manifest on this evening. In answer to a question from the circle, "Bright Eyes" said that Dr. Holland, instead of doing the preaching as formerly, "now does a good deal of listening."

"Eddie" and "Bright Eyes" appeared together, and the leadings of the latter helped the audience to a proper feeling for "home, sweet home."

S.

From our Reporter's Note Book.

Materialization, Etherealization, and Transformation of Spirits.

The first seance under the management of Mr. Edgar C. Gardner, with Mr. H. W. Archer as medium, took place on Friday evening, the 19th of May, at the latter's residence on Gilbert Avenue, this city. The circle was composed of about a dozen, all told—a good number for generating the proper magnetic relations between the medium or the spirits and the sitters.

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Spirit Message Department

OUR FREE CIRCLE.

Every Tuesday Afternoon,

At Douglass Hall, corner Walnut and Sixth Streets. Doors open at 1; seance begins at 2:30. No admission after services have begun. Questions to be answered from the rostrum will be received upon these conditions: 1. They must be germane to Spiritualism. 2. Must contain one enquiry only. 3. All personal questions must be avoided. 4. The name of the questioner must be attached.

Mrs. A. E. Kinsky, Medium. Mrs. J. Clegg Wright, Chairman.

In justice to both the spirits and medium we would be pleased to have our friends verify such messages as they may happen to recognize in these columns.

All communications concerning this department and questions from abroad must be addressed to C. C. Stowell, Room 7, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

REPORT OF SEANCE.

Tuesday Afternoon, May 16, 1893.

PROLOGUE.

Oh, thou supreme power that causes all things to exist; that warms and invigorates all things upon the face of the earth as well as in the spheres beyond; that guards, guides, and directs us, lifting us out of the conditions that are dark, showing us the higher way, and bringing man that which will enlighten him spiritually; for each and everyone of thy creatures must evolve into higher conditions while upon the earth plane, or in the spirit realm just above this. Oh, how grand are all the beauties of life; how little man understands them; what little value he places upon the same, until this grand spiritual power enters into him, and causes him to view with more spiritual eyes the beauties that surround him. How little does man comprehend the vastness of the love that encompasses all things, and how little does he know of that great wave of love that is flowing throughout all nations, drawing men closer and closer together, and developing more and more of that divine principle within him constantly. But in time he will understand better; then will all live in peace with one another. May this day be soon upon us with its many blessings.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Ques.—[By T., City] What effect would a prohibition of mediumistic practices have on Spiritualism?

Ans.—Chairlady and friends, if all the mediums of your land to-day were to cease practicing that which is given them from the spirit side of life Spiritualism would immediately stagnate. There would be those who knew Spiritualism to be a fact, that would always stand firm and acknowledge the fact of spirit power, but there would be no new converts added to your ranks, for no man or woman would willingly accept the testimony of another, and if you silence your mediums, if you forbid them practicing that which is their work to do to prove to you without a doubt the eternal existence of man, to prove to you the communion which is held between this world and the spirit world, immediately you would become as many in your Churches as to-day, dead in spirit; for there would be no warmth within you; you would settle back again into that cold life from whence you received no joy heretofore, from whence you receive no joy hereafter, and every one of you who have gained this grand truth through proof given to you from some instrument in the hands of the spirit world, would only have to sit and sup, as it were, alone. You might grow spiritually yourself for no power could cause you to cease to hold communion with the loved ones who have passed over to the spirit side of life. There is nothing so near and dear to a Spiritualist as that communion with their loved ones. They would not sell this for all the gold that has been minted in your land; for it has brought unto them that joy and comfort they never could have received through any other channel. And, friends, while I know that many desire that all mediums should be silenced; that all those who are controlled by the higher intelligences must not give out that which they receive, yet, friends, should the law even pass that mediums must not give forth that which they know to be true it would have no effect on the spirit world. You can not silence the voice of the Almighty; you can not silence the voice of the loved ones over there. Although men may try to silence you, or to denounce you, yet within the innermost recesses of your own souls you know that this which has come to you is a grand truth, and never can that still small voice be silenced; never can that thought-wave which strikes you be quenched or carried away; for now and all time will communion be held between this world and the beyond; and friends, if it were possible to silence the voice of these, how dull would your lives become. Where would you seek for joy? There is no power strong enough to prevent a spirit from returning and holding communion if he so desires, and if the brother who sent this question to us fears this, I would say to him Spiritualism has come to stay—Spiritualism never will be silenced. Mediums will talk from now on until each one of you are gathered together on the sunny side of life, and if perchance such a thing would happen, or if such a thing were possible, I would say you would be as many of your church members, dead in spirit.

Ques.—[By J. T. S., N. Y.] Why is Spiritualism more flourishing in America than elsewhere?

Ans.—My friends, how do you know that Spiritualism is more flourishing in America than elsewhere. By what do you prove this? Although you may number more outspoken Spiritualists in the United States of America than in European countries, yet I know there are as many Spiritualists on the other side of the great water as on this side. Perhaps you think there are not so many because they do not declare unto the world that they are such. How many have you in your midst to-day that deny Spiritualism when in their souls they know it is true? What does all this mean? Are they ashamed of the loved ones that come to them, or are they afraid of the opinion of their brother man? If you receive a truth from any source do you not feel that it would be right for each and every one of you to acknowledge it? Do you not feel that truth is the supreme foundation of all progression? And, friends, while in the United States of America you number your millions of Spiritualists, how many gather together and acknowledge it before men, and how can any of you tell how many Spiritualists there are in Europe? There are the same there as here, hiding behind the walls of the churches, sitting in the pews and listening to that which they know to be false; afraid to assert themselves for fear of the contempt of the brother man. Why are men and women not stronger? Why do not they declare their independence here? Why do they not come out and stand up for that which is true? Friends, it is because they fear they will be called cranks—for fear some man may say they are peculiar. If the truth makes you peculiar you better be peculiar than living a false life, and be called what the popular people would term it—a churchman, and know within your own soul you are living a false life. Ab. friends, when the time comes when every man will stand forth in his manhood and be firm unto that which he knows to be true, then will you have that day when the lion and the lamb will lie down at peace with each other. Friends, while you speak of Spiritualism I would ask you where it was first manifested. Away down in the East Indies years and years ago was open communion held between the spirit realm and earth realm, and to day those people, though very ignorant, are very keen in sensing the spirit. They understand all this psychic power better than you do, and they make use of it. They

send messages miles away, and they understand the possibility of spirits more than you do. So in America you number a great many, yet in some parts of Europe Spiritualism is better understood than in America.

Ques.—[By C. A. Brittendall, Anson, Kan.] How can mortals transform their material bodies into ethereal bodies in order to pass from this state into the higher without having to undergo death, so called, or is there a possibility of such transformation gradually that they may carry their earth body with them into spirit; for Scripture teaches that "we shall not all sleep, but be changed," etc., and "death will be overcome," and, instead of death and separation of body and spirit, the body will be so transformed as to be able to ascend from earth to heaven?"

Ans.—Whether mortals on this planet will ever be able to reach a state to interblend with the spiritual in the manner prophesied by the ancient seer is by no means a positive fact, for physical changes or accidents may occur which will terminate all life before this end is attained. It is not impossible, however, as one of the outermost planets in this system is said to be enjoying this blissful state now; and what can be attained on one of a system can befall another, for they are alike in substance in being the children of one sun. But ages may yet pass by ere this planet will be able to furnish human bodies not subject to changes other than growth or grace, though an age of general clairvoyance and promiscuous materialization of spirits will precede it, so that a natural death will be hailed with delight instead of sorrow, and spirits and mortals will commingle in every-day life with greater comfort than they do now at seances. That delightful time may be nearer at hand than is believed, provided science and Spiritualism are given free range to unfold, and the civilized world continues to advance in the same ratio in the near future as it has done in the recent past. If nothing else is gained by the latter, death, at all events, will have lost its terror in knowing that your loved ones will return just as soon as they can learn the art of materializing, which may, in some instances, be but a few days, or hours, according to their previous spiritual development.

Ques.—[By C.] My developing medium at times experiences some difficulty in regulating who shall have first and second place among the Indian workers, in order to obtain the best results. My band does not seem to regulate the matter, and confusion and friction sometimes prevail. A visiting spirit, head of the band of a prominent medium, recommends doing without the services of Indian workers, except as healers, and that my own near and dear friends are capable and would gladly stay constantly with me, help me physically, etc., and would be more satisfactory. Why does not my band decide the matter at once, bringing me only those best fitted for the position that the work may proceed. Will you kindly help us to a knowledge of these laws, as a full understanding is so necessary to the comfort and welfare of media and the furtherance of the work?

Ans.—It seems there in some confusion among the spirit attractions of this medium—partly due to her, as yet, undefined mediumship, and partly to the mixture of magnetisms accrued from sitting in promiscuous circles for development. While some mediums may be benefited by sitting in mixed or large circles, others are not—at least, not after a time, or when able to hold communion independently. Of course, while under tuition, the medium will be more or less subject to the influences attracted from his or her teacher, just as a pupil in school would be. But when a new teacher is taken, both for the same purpose, there will be conflict in the methods, and the pupil will be subject to confusion. One or the other must be given up for good results, or for definite future course to pursue. The decision lies with the medium rather than the spirit band in such cases; and the best general advice that can be given under the circumstances, is, for mediums, who are developing, to sit alone, or with a few harmonious friends or relatives, as soon as any definite indications of control begin to manifest. With patience and a little introspection all will be satisfactorily understood, and peaceful conditions follow.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Noble K. Royce.

Chairman, friends, I am much astonished to find myself here this afternoon, but still not astonished, for I draw very close indeed unto this instrument, and try to make her feel my presence often. The hymn just sung was one of my favorites. It was a hymn that I loved, for I felt indeed blessed by the tie that bound our hearts together in Christian and brotherly love, and while I lived upon your earth, I tried to live as near as possible under this great Christian law of doing unto others as I would have others to do unto me; and while every man and almost every woman in the city of Cincinnati have heard of me, few knew me, but still I know that those who knew me knew that I did try to do my duty earnestly and honestly unto my brother man, and this afternoon I rejoice that this grand truth of spirit-return is true; that this great plan which draws us from the spirit side of life down again to those in the earth life, draws us so close that we can instill into them new courage, that they may not weary on the way. I rejoice that there is no death. I rejoice that to-day I can and do try to assist many upon the earth plane, although but a few short months since my body was laid away. It is but a few short months since I opened my eyes on the spirit side of life, yet how grand and beautiful have I found that life. How grand and beautiful has the love of the All Father been manifested to me; although while upon the earth plane I was raised to accept the teachings differently, yet in the latter part of my life I began to understand and know that He who had created us and created so many beauties was not a father that could cast us away to endless torture, and I realized that through that great love I was moved to live out the life of love principles, and I am glad to be with you this afternoon. I have promised often that I would come to this instrument and talk through her. This is my first attempt, but you may again hear from me, and as I learn on the spirit side of life I will return and give it to them. Noble K. Royce, of this city.

Rachel R. Wolf.

I live in Chillicothe, Ohio. I have near and dear friends there, and to day I desire to send my love to them from this place, although they do not understand this grand truth, yet I know that they will receive my message through the kindness of a friend. I want them to know that mother lives, that mother is happy, and she has found that rest which she has often sighed for while upon the earth plane. There is no sorrow on the spirit side of life, and do not think because I can draw close to you that I can not be happy. I can be happy and know all the conditions which surround you, because I see the end thereof.

James W. Wortman.

I am desirous of sending a message to those who love me in the city of Louisville, Ky. I want them to know that James is all right. I want my wife, Mary E., to know that I am well satisfied on the spirit side of life, and am glad that she has gained this knowledge while she remains upon the earth plane. It is true that I did not desire to learn anything of that which pertains to the spirit world. I was satisfied with the conditions in earth life, and I know to day that if I were again upon the earth plane I should endeavor to educate myself spiritually. Tell her that the younger James is all

right, and that she will hear from him soon, for I see passing through his mind the thought of home. Tell her not to let anything trouble her, for life is too short, and that she will have an eternity to think in. Be careful and let not troubled thoughts annoy her while on the earth plane. [I hear this man laugh as he says this.]

Martha and Lou Millspaugh.

And we, too, are most happy in the privilege of coming to wait a thought of love—a word of greeting to our dear husband in Anderson, Ind. We thought if we could just send a remembrance and tell dear Jim that no day passes but that we think of him, and send our sympathy and kindly feeling with a desire to help him over the ways of earth life, and to bear his burdens, it would be a pleasure for us to do this, and that is why we come. Little Martha is with us, and is very happy that she can come to her dear father. May the good angel bless and keep him in harmony and peace until the time comes for us to greet him in our heavenly home.

Carrie Dent.

I have tried so long to come here and send a message to my friends; they take the paper and are always looking for a message from me, and now that I have the opportunity, I am extremely glad. To my dear mamma and papa and Sister Margaret and Esther: Little Robbie is here, and Uncle Robert, Dewdrop, Dr. Phillip, Uncle Tom, Oscar, Lucy Peters, Arana, Aunt Caroline Harris, and many other loving friends. We are all so happy to come to our beautiful earthly home, as there we find that harmony and contentment reign supreme. If all homes were happy as ours there would be little trouble in this weary world. We all send a loving greeting to dear Aunt Esther in her western home. Father's name is Jonathan Dent, of Columbus, O.

Oliver Perrin.

I would like to say just a few words, because I am interested in all that pertains to the enlightenment and uplifting of humanity, as well as interested in this meeting this day, for I lived and passed out in this city. I am glad that this opportunity presents itself. I am still more glad that you have a place where all are made welcome and can reach out and communicate with their loved ones in the form. You may say for me this afternoon I send a greeting to all who remember me in this city, and I would like my old friend to investigate and see and learn something of the truth of immortality of the human soul. If they do this they will find a helper in me, and I trust that all may round out in a satisfactory manner for the good of themselves and the world that they are living in.

Jeannette Letzler.

She was brought to the medium through the influence of Mrs. Luther's lectures on Catholicism. She says: "My parents, grandparents, and all belong to the Catholic Church. My name is Jeannette Letzler. I was called Tidie, and I want my mamma to know that I am living, and that I do come back to her in home life. I am not satisfied that the other child is being brought up in the Catholic Church, and mamma would better listen to papa before it is too late."

Simeon Moon.

He has a son living in Martinsville, Ohio. The paper goes to a town near there, and he will see the message. His wife, Priscilla, is with him.

VERIFICATIONS.

To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

In your issue of May 20th I find a communication given at your Free Circle that I recognize as coming from my son, Harry Thomas, who passed away at Camden, Jay County, Indiana, at the age of three weeks; and also my son Hiram, who passed away at Chattanooga, with inflammation of the bowels, and Hattie spoken of was my daughter-in-law. She died at my home in Montpelier one year ago last February, leaving a nice bird in our possession, which she mentions through Harry. We will continue to care for it while it lives, for her sake. God bless our children! What is there on earth to compare with the great and soul-stirring truths that come to us from those gone before, that say to us: "If a man dies he shall live again." Let the good work go on until every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that all truth comes from above, and not from the pulpits; that all humanity from the least to the greatest are God's children, each one to be blessed in proportion to his work and needs. We return our heartfelt thanks to our children for their communication, and thank the great Over soul and the angel world that we are led by a little child.

THOMAS.

Montpelier, Ind.

To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

I received a half dozen copies of your valuable paper from different sections of the country, dated May 6th, from dear friends, and I know not how to give expression in words of my gratitude to them, but I trust that God and his holy angels will bless them till their hearts overflow with joy, as mine has for the favor. I wish to acknowledge the communication from Julia Harris as our beloved daughter who left her earthly form some twenty years ago, though we have seen her in her spiritual body and talked several times, the same as Jesus and his followers saw Moses and Elias and talked with them. It is blessed to know that she can still be with us; this knowledge is better than gold and silver, and I can say with the apostles that I count all things else as nothing compared with the excellency of this knowledge; and it is the only new truth taught by Jesus who was called the Christ. It is life brought to light, and I can truly say blessed be the name of God, our father, who has sent these lovely messengers of love.

LAUREL GILLINGHAM.

Woodstock, Vt.

To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Please accept my kind appreciation in regard to the message from my son, Byron Tully. Proud am I to see his name on the face of your most valuable paper. Oh, if you could know as I do the intense interest the message has created among his railroad friends, you would feel paid a thousand times. Oh, my darling black-eyed boy is known as a star in Hannibal. He has materialized here in full, has talked to his friends in bright gas-light, has returned from his lovely home over there often, and made himself known. He has done a great work for Hannibal that will stand while our earth stands; he has planted a truth in Hannibal since he passed over that continues to grow brighter and brighter.

I send you a message written by his father, who is with our son Byron. It is through the mediumship of Mrs. Ella Allen, who is a wonder:

WILLIAM TULLY—(Guide).

When a mother was sad at heart she received and recognized a message from her son, Byron Tully, of Hannibal, Mo. It is the love we had for that mother that reaches out to her in her loneliness, to cheer and gladden her declining years. We desire to thank the kind editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH for publishing the same. It was recognized and appreciated. Please accept the flowers as a slight token of our esteem and gratitude. You know we will all meet when the mists have cleared away.

WILLIAM TULLY—(Guide).

This communication was written through the power of a young lady friend by request of MRS. EMMA TULLY.

Hannibal, Mo., May 20, 1893.

*A box of flowers, for which we are very thankful.—ED.

To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

We have had some wonderful things at Mrs. Ross' seances. My daughter Mellie materialized, and told me she would send a message through the LIGHT OF TRUTH, and even stated the time when it would appear in print. It was verified to the letter, and all is correct except that she used to spell her name "Mellie," not "Millie," as was printed.

MRS. D. S. SAUER.

319 N Street, W. Washington D. C.

[Our readers should not be disturbed about the misspelling of spirit names, for test mediums are mostly governed by what they hear, and names are arbitrary things which can not be shaped to accord with orthography as common nouns can. The substance of the message is what the spirit wants conveyed, and if this is rejected because—what to a spirit is of least importance—its name is misspelled, it suffers in soul, and becomes too discouraged to try it again. We should welcome every word from our loved ones, however imperfect the communication, and thereby encourage them to come again.—ED.]

To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

In your edition of the LIGHT OF TRUTH of April 8th, I recognize the spirit message from my father, Sylvester Hart. He passed to the higher life many years ago, but my mother, the companion he speaks of, joined him but a little over a year ago. We are thankful for the message, and glad to be assured of their continued love and care. Yours truly, E. C. HART.

Oberlin, O., May 20, 1893.

To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

I wish to thank you all and especially the dear medium for the message in your Free Circle of May 15th from Dr. Crider. Every name was correct, and it brought me so much comfort. Yours for truth,

ANNETTA B. KREKLER.

Dayton, O.

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CINCINNATI. - - - SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1893

This Light of Truth cannot well undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many active tiers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns they are at once interdicted.

It is requested particularly as promptly in case they discover in our columns any advertisements of practices whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of action.

When the postoffice address of This Light of Truth subscribers is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state their present as well as future address.

Notice of Spiritualistic Meetings in order to insure prompt insertion may reach this office on Saturday of each week, as This Light of Truth goes to press every Wednesday.

Rejected Mass will now be returned without postage accompanying the same—or preserved—within thirty days after receipt.

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"He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-holding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all thiev're."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A QUESTION FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

Reflections upon the action of a religious body that adopted a resolution and forwarded it to President Cleveland the other day calling on him to maintain the enactment of Congress closing the World's Fair on Sunday, with troops if need be, reveal the identical spirit which during the Dark Ages smothered every ray of liberty that dared attempt an entrance to the human intellect. It is the true spirit of malevolence which has ever characterized an apostate Christianity, and its exhibition in this instance indicates the precarious ground upon which the lovers of fair play and equal rights stand, notwithstanding their firm reliance upon constitutional provisions. The Constitution, national and State, is sought to be violated in every act of legislative bodies having religious liberty for its substance matter. The recent onslaught against Spiritualists, under cover of an attack upon charlanty in several State legislatures, is an object lesson on this line of procedure designed to break up free thought and free speech in this country. The question for Spiritualists to consider is the single one of remaining passive until the blow strikes them and arouses them into action or throttle the incubus of ecclesiastical tyranny while preparations for the blow are being made. Certain it is that the enormity of the outcome involved in these recent crusades has awakened extreme interest amongst spiritualistic bodies, and the LIGHT OF TRUTH hopes to be able to publish ere long the representative declaration of the Spiritualists of this country that the time has come for a union, having for its object the resistance by constitutional means of the encroachments of sectarian bigotry.

When so-called Christian bodies become reckless enough in their nefarious estimation of security and right to call on the chief executive of the nation to uphold a partisan religious observance, having no sanction in the fundamental law of the land, by force of arms, it well behoves the friends and supporters of liberty to act. It is a spectacle which can not be left to the tide of affairs without endangering the very life of the nation and subverting its institutions to the directorate of ecclesiasticism. And upon the Spiritualists mainly rests the responsibility and the task of upholding free thought and free speech, because they have been foremost in demanding the total extinction of any coalition between State and Church. They have, without exception, deprecated the narrow, intolerant spirit now being so glaringly manifested by the minions of a false religion who blasphemously claim a pure man as their leader.

The issue is squarely drawn, and there can be but one verdict rendered against the Spiritualists in the event of their failure to co-operate in some kind of an organization, and that is an utter indifference of the probity and righteousness of their cause.

THE WRATH OF GOD ALMOST HERE.

We have always understood that the wrath of God was slow, and it is the general hope of the world that death will always relieve the present generation before the storm comes on, but if the Rev. Dr. S. B. Rossiter, of New York, knows what he is talking about the aforesaid wrath is liable to be precipitated by the action of the World's Fair managers in the proposed opening of the Exposition on Sunday. Before an unusually large audience Sunday before last this watchman on the tower of Zion gave the warning sound as follows:

"The decision of the local Commissioners of the World's Fair to open the Fair on Sunday is an impudent fling in the better class of American citizens and their law-makers. This decision of the Commissioners has precipitated a religious crisis, the result of which at this time can not be foreseen."

"This decision is an open defiance of Almighty God. You can call it nothing else. The Commissioners can not plead ignorance. The great law of God commanding the keeping holy of the Sabbath is too well known for anyone to plead ignorance."

"As a result of the open and daring defiance of God I would not be surprised at anything that might happen to the Fair. I would not be surprised if an electrical storm, the like of which the world has never known, should with flashing lightning and tremendous winds level those mighty buildings to the ground and leave Jackson Park, Chicago, a frightful and appalling evidence of the just wrath of God."

"Again I should not be surprised if nothing unusual happened so far as an outward sign of God's wrath is concerned. But there is one result that is sure, the morality of Chicago is bound to suffer, and a harvest of crime will result."

What would be thought of a Spiritualist speaker who should stand upon a public rostrum and pour out such fulminations as these? And yet the newspapers print the stuff and call it news. One can pick up almost any great daily in the country on a Monday morning and find a page of its

contents devoted to the slings of the pulpits of the previous day, while the grand and elevating philosophy of life as given from many spiritual rostrums is ignored entirely.

Great, indeed, are the tendencies and evidences of American degeneration.

Lizzie Borden and Constitutional Rights.

The infamy of the grand jury system and the general machinery of our penal code could find no better illustration than the shameful treatment being accorded to Lizzie Borden, the suspected patricide and matricide, who has been imprisoned for over eight months in a Massachusetts jail. This woman is charged with the basest crime known to mankind, and yet she has languished all this time in jail without a trial.

The Constitution of the United States provides that "in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district where the crime shall have been committed."

It is immaterial what the contributing causes may be which have operated in detaining Lizzie Borden without trial. There can be no justification for depriving her of a constitutional right, and it is high time for the Massachusetts authorities to bring the case to trial or abjure their boast that their State is the proud commonwealth of New England. The guilt or innocence of the accused woman is not by any means liable to be established by a delay of this kind. If the prosecution is afraid of its position let it be known and abandoned. A constitutional right is certainly being violated whether she is guilty or not, and a precedent is being established which will make it impossible for the future suspect to get a hearing, and gradually transform the law machinery of the State into an outrageous autocracy rivaling the despotism of Russia, where accused persons are frequently consigned to prison without a knowledge of their crime. And suppose Lizzie Borden is acquitted, what can the State do to re-imburse her for the wrong heaped upon her by the grand jury that indicted her? Her name is blasted for all time. The society to which the law turns for sanction will have no place for her. No cloak of innocence which a jury can weave for the shoulders of Lizzie Borden will ever protect her from the stinkers of Mother Grundy. When she pokes her nose into a social compost heap the Pecksniffs, Gillfrys, and saints strut and applaud. If Lizzie Borden proven innocent can not escape a gauntlet of this character, the verdict of a petit jury won't help her much. But however this may be she is entitled to a trial, and just as certainly the grand jury inquisition ought to be abolished.

MURDER AND ORTHODOXY.

The death-penalty is a Mosaic institution and has been saddled upon civilization as a curative for various crimes—the last in this country being for murder. Its annulment is desired because death legalized by a State is no less a murder than when committed in the heat of individual passion or through the effect of hereditary tendencies. Furthermore, it opens an avenue for getting rid of a man through execution on circumstantial evidence, or makes it possible for an innocent man to be legally murdered, as it is believed was the case with Carlyle Harris. Comparatively few actual murderers are executed despite the law, and so it might as well be changed to imprisonment for life, and thereby prevent many guilty ones from going entirely free on account of the reluctance of juries to convict. More justice, too, would prevail. And if consistent with other States' and countries where it has been abolished less murders would take place. It seems the law acts as a suggestion. If the State is a murderer-in-law, its citizens seem troubled as by a hereditary evil, and those inclined to murder are infected *nolens volens*.

Of our sister States, Maine, Rhode Island, Michigan, and Wisconsin are free from the taint of legal murder, and consequently less troubled with blood-thirsty citizens than many others are where especial delight seems to exist in taking life after the Mosaic fashion. Even Italy has abolished the death-penalty for murder, and substituted for it imprisonment for life. This law has been in effect since January 1, 1890. Roumania abolished the same in 1866; Portugal in 1867; Spain and Holland 1870, and Switzerland 1874; several of the South American States have also abolished execution for murder; and Russia punished only by death for political crimes. Murder is punished by penal service in the Siberian mines. In those countries where orthodox or modern Christianity predominates capital punishment still holds fast, just as it does among the half-civilized peoples of the world. Whether this is due to a hereditary taint, or whether the abolition of legal killing is regarded as a morbid sentiment in the higher ranks of civilization, must be left to the conclusions of the individual. Fact is that it is being done, and the question is, shall it be abolished? If so, let it be done before the criminal record becomes larger, both by legal murder and that done by suggestion which the latter instills into the weak. Examples for good are just as catching as those for evil.

God's Purposes Vindicated at Seventy-Seven Per Cent. Discount.

By a strategic movement, peculiar to those having the affairs of the Almighty in charge, the debt on Talmage's church, in Brooklyn, has been liquidated at 23 cents on the dollar. The able pulpit acrobat, it appears, threatened to resign, which was too much for the creditors, who well knew that if such a dire calamity was to occur their own financial safety, to say nothing of God's cause, would be jeopardized, and so they consented to throw off seventy-seven per cent and take the balance in payment of all demands.

It is said that the bucolic and lofty tumbler was very much surprised at the unexpected generosity of the creditors, and that after he had pulled himself together, announced that he would on the next Sunday preach a sermon commemorative of the payment of the entire floating debt.

It is refreshing to think that the tremendous obstacle of \$100,000 debt in the path of God's empire on earth thus removed leaves no doubt as to the full realization of all heavenly promises—according to Talmage.

The show business is certainly looking up.

"I WOULD NOT STAND IN DR. BRIGGS' SHOES TO DAY FOR WORLDS," said the "Rev." Dr. Sunderland, who is the pastor of a Presbyterian Church at which the President of the United States worships after the most approved style. The remark was occasioned by the attitude of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, now in session in Washington, toward the doubting minister. The sky is streaked with blue as the clouds of contention gather, and the Dr. Briggs chestnut is sure of a roasting.

The right of a man to his own opinions is to be severely tried, and the outcome of it will in all probability determine the right of the Presbyterian Church to hold the palm for maintaining the puissance of mediævalism.

If it is consistent with Christianity to pin its faith in Jesus and his law: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth," why does it permit this "Christian nation" to make laws interfering with men's faith in being healed as was Jairus' daughter—by the laying on of hands or magnetic healing?

The World's Fair was thrown open to the public last Sunday, and 125,000 people enjoyed their Sabbath in a manner befitting all good and true Christians. But the unchristian preachers and their dupes have protested against a continuation of this beneficial act—beneficial to the Fair as well as to the laborer and mechanic—and will endeavor to have their way. But it is to be hoped that reason will prevail and that those concerned will see that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Judge Stein issued on Monday a temporary injunction restraining the Directory from closing the Fair on Sundays. So far so good.

THE Washington correspondent of the Boston Citizen writes that Roman Catholics in government employ are allowed time off for attending mass and other religious duties without being docked, while Protestants in the same positions are not allowed such privileges. How is this, Uncle Sam, are you courting the Pope?

WONDER what the expressions of comfort and satisfaction are amongst the Christian Endeavorers, W. C. T. Unionists et al as to the profits of religion by reason of the mockery of Sunday observances at the World's Fair?

The triangular fight over the prize awards, the Theodore Thomas affair, and the Sunday opening problem, makes it look as though the National Commission could take the cake for general all-around incompetency.

Cassadaga Camp.

Thursday, May 25th, was a memorable day at Cassadaga, and will live as such in the history of our camp. For some weeks our camp has been alive with workmen engaged in putting in an electric light plant. May 25th saw everything completed, and as evening drew on apace, the electricians were seen hastening to and fro adjusting wires, etc., preparatory to making a trial of the lights. About seven o'clock in the evening the last wire was attached, and the engineer started the great engine that furnishes the power that will illuminate our grounds during the coming season. Around the engine stood several gentlemen: H. W. Richardson, O. F. Allen, Alfred Winchester, Prof. H. D. Barrett, W. C. Evans, A. S. Barrett, and the electricians, all eagerly waiting for the appearance of the lights. Suddenly the power house became illuminated, and glancing out amidst the trees, the glimmering lamps could be seen flooding the parks and avenues with a radiant glory. The softened light of the incandescent lamps was indeed a thing of beauty to gaze upon; it shone clear and firm, and touched the dark green canopy of the trees with a mellow radiance that made the beholder wonder whence such wondrous beauty came. Surely the projectors of this great improvement to our camp have a right to rejoice over their successful achievement. All honor to them for their generosity and self-sacrificing devotion to Cassadaga! The perplexities have been many, and the patient workers are entitled to much praise for their forbearance over the many vexatious delays that have beset them on all sides. Thursday evening's brilliant illumination rewarded them for much of their toil, but the expressed thanks of the benefited public will do much to assure them that their labors are appreciated. "Light more light" will shine on Cassadaga from the material as well as from the spiritual side of life.

But the successful achievement in the way of the electric lights is not the only improvement that has come to Cassadaga. The first change can be seen at the entrance to the grounds, where a new iron gate, surmounted by a beautiful arch, has taken the place of the old rickety wooden gate that has done such faithful service for so many years. At the left of the ticket office the underbrush has been cut away, and the swamp filled in with gravel and soil, so that our visitors this next season will find a fine lawn in place of the unsightly marsh of other years. The secretary's office has been moved to the right-hand side of the new gate, and will be remodeled so as to enable people to enter it from without as from within the grounds. This has been done to accommodate the outside patrons of the Lily Dale post office, which will be established in this building during the camp season.

Advancing upon the camp-grounds, the visitor notices the improved conditions of the streets, which have been graded and made firm by the free use of gravel. Supt. Fuller takes great pride in having everything under his charge *done well*, hence he is demonstrating daily that he is the right man in the right place, and we predict for him a most successful administration. Indeed, his wisely economic management of all public business, and the rapidity with which he despatches the same, despite the inclement weather, have already won him many golden opinions from all Lily Dale residents.

The Grand Hotel shows that the renovating hand of art has been judiciously laid upon it. The furnishings, both interior and exterior, made the entire building look like a new one, while the added convenience will do much to make the Grand seem more homelike to its many guests hereafter. The Grand is now thoroughly modernized, and is one of the chief attractions on the grounds. It will be under the charge of Mr. Andrews, the most popular landlord in Findlay, O., during the present season, and will be opened from June 5th until September 1st, prox. Mr. Andrews has had twenty-five years experience in the hotel business, and, with his estimable wife, will give all Cassadaga visitors a cordial welcome home when they come upon the grounds.

Library Hall and all other public buildings have also been improved, while many cottages have been renovated, others built, and changes for the better made apparent everywhere. Scattered over the grounds, in various directions, pipes for sewers can be seen, a visible promise of what soon will be an established fact, viz.: a system of drainage that will do much to improve the sanitary condition of our camp. On May 29th a large force of workmen will advance upon the grounds, armed with picks and shovels, to put the pipes into its proper place. When this work is completed, and our system of water works fully extended, Cassadaga will rank with the average city in lighting, hotel accommodations, adornments, and matters of sanitation. Improvements and progressions walk hand in hand, and Cassadaga is feeling the electric influence of these all potent genii in every department of its life. The spirit of reform that has ever brooded lovingly over our camp, has now taken an external form, and is pointing upward to subtler heights, to greater achievements beyond those of the present hour.

While our guardian spirit has made objective its subjective aesthetic thought, it has not forgotten the moral and intellectual side of life. A psychic school, under the tuition of that gifted teacher, W. J. Colville, will be opened June 12th, from the portals of which will go out students whose souls, touched by the Pentecostal flame of Truth, will radiate an influence that will be a healing balm for the nations, by lifting the pall of error and ignorance from the minds of men. This school should be, and will be, well attended, and the patrons thereof will realize a hundred fold in the unfoldment of soul power.

Already our friends are assembling *en masse*, preparing for the June picnic. We can almost hear the tramp of many feet as they approach our gates. From the ever-vernal hills of the Summer land, from the busy mart and bustling streets of the city, from hamlet, hillside, vale, and glen, our friends are turning their thoughts towards Cassadaga, and those of us upon the dear old camp-ground, can feel these vibrating entities as they come in upon us like sound waves over the sea of life. These thoughts, sent to us in love and helpfulness, our workers here have endeavored to make visible to the aesthetic sense of our visitors, hoping to make better spiritual conditions for all who come to Cassadaga, thereby catering to their highest good by revealing to them the soul world, the only *real* world in which man dwells. These improvements and new departures in camp-work were the outcome of the suggestions of spirit guides of the camp, made through a series of remarkable slate-writings, of which we shall say more in a future article.

Lily Dale, N. Y., May 26, 1893.

OBITUARY.

At his late residence, 157 State Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dr. R. A. Olmstead, was born to the spirit life on May 6, 1893. Dr. Olmstead's earth life was one of great usefulness and beneficence. For many years he was the owner and conductor of a sanitarium in Napa, California, giving health and relief to many patrons. He was cognizant of spirit power as manifested through the physical organism, prior to the phenomena as manifested through the Fox sisters. His life lines were harmonious to the best teachings of spiritual philosophy. To know him intimately, as did the writer, was to sense purity and simplicity seldom found in the human heart, and a goodness of wisdom possible to the human mind. His widow, Mrs. L. A. Olmstead, a highly honored member of society, and a gifted psychic, keenly feels the sever

News from Correspondents

Boston Letter.

Progression is the great law of Spiritualism, and just now manifest in all nature, with its beautiful green leaves and blossoms, emblematic of the condition of humanity after the change we call death. Coming from the dark, gloomy *realm* of theology into the clear light of spiritual truth, we know that we shall bloom immortal in that land of beauty beyond the veil. The interest in the several meetings is good. Church members are coming forward, anxious to learn what we know of a future life, and gradually breaking away from the old dogmas that have held them in bondage for so many years.

The meeting of Boston Spiritual Temple was in charge of the president, James H. Lewis, who gave a hearty welcome to all present, and spoke of the evidences which have been given of spirit control, and the power of Spiritualism to better the condition of the human race when all shall have come under its leavening influence. Mrs. C. Fannie Allyan, of Stoneham, was the speaker of the day, and, after a musical selection very finely rendered by Mr. John T. Lillie, replied to the following questions. "How soon shall we look for a belief, or universal knowledge, that will make all religions at peace with each other, when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together?" and "Please describe the lost Atlantis." She said that the great event described by him who spoke of the "lion and lamb" was what we have heard called the "millennium," and was founded upon the old doctrine of a general resurrection, which we have outgrown. The writer gave as the best idea suited to the age in which he lived, The lion of bigotry, however, must lie down with the lamb of science and true manhood and womanhood. The millennium is to bring about the best unfoldment of humanity—a better understanding of morality. The old Church is tottering to decay, and new truths are being accepted; the religions of the world are being harmonized, and Spiritualism is taking its proper place among them. The spirit of evolution is the ruling spirit of the day, and the investigation and adoption of its truths will, some time, bring about the millennium. In regard to the "Lost Atlantis," the spirit said: "We could give you our theory, but you would not understand it, and we will not attempt it." Mr. Lillie closed the service by singing, "A Hundred Years to Come," which was heartily applauded.

The question for the evening lecture was, "Was the Sabbath instituted for religious purposes, or as a day for rest?" It is a proper day for religious worship, and by religion we do not mean theology, but a religion like that of Thomas Paine, that believes in doing good. Anyone may be a member of a Church and, very faithful to all its obligations, and not be religious. Religion means rest, and a certain time should be devoted to it every day, and not simply on Sunday. Another question, "Is it right to open the World's Fair on Sunday?" was answered if it is right to educate the people, it is right to open the Fair on that day as well as others. It is no worse to attend the Fair on Sunday than it is to visit Franklin Park, or go out into the woods and fields to view the God of Nature as hundreds are doing in Boston and elsewhere. "Would there not be a terrible state of things were women allowed to vote?" was answered "most certainly, it would be a terrible thing for our licensed rum sellers, a terrible thing for many of our politicians who would fail to carry out their pet schemes to the injury of the women and children of this country. But that is to be one of the religious exercises of the future, and nothing can prevent it. The services closed with an improvisation by Mrs. Allyan and a song by Mr. Lillie.

The Helping Hand Society of this Temple held a very interesting meeting on Wednesday evening, at 3 Boylston Place. Supper was served at six o'clock. Mrs. Alice Waterhouse presided at the evening's entertainment, and music was furnished by Miss Amanda Bailey, Charles W. Sullivan and sister, and Mrs. Mary F. Lovering. Mrs. Edith R. Nickless made the opening speech, followed by some very remarkable tests. This society will take its usual vacation, and meet again the first Wednesday in October.

Prof. J. W. Kenyon spoke for the society at Park Square Hall on Sunday. Subject in the afternoon, "Why is there a spirit, and why a spirit world?" Prof. Kenyon scientifically proves the fact of an eternal continuity of life, and his arguments are very convincing. At the conclusion of his address he gave some very fine psychometric readings.

W. J. Colville is occupying the platform of the First Spiritual Temple, and spoke last Sunday upon "The Day of Pentecost and its Phenomena." After describing the glorious spiritual Pentecostal presence upon that day, he demonstrated very clearly that we are having physical manifestations of spiritual power corresponding to the shaking of the temple and the sound of the rushing wind; "cloven tongues, as of fire," are as much an inspiration to-day as they were at Pentecost. The outcome of it all will be a great spiritual illumination that shall establish unity in the place of hostility, and of fraternal feeling, and a co-operative mode of life instead of the competitive system that exists at present. The spirit of truth must lead forth into expression the divinity latent in mankind, and the world will be converted.

Mr. Eben Cobb is having largely attended meetings at America Hall, and gave a very interesting address upon "A Mother's Love" and "Flowers." His lectures are full of deep thought, and are listened to with profound attention. Mr. Cobb has written several very fine works upon Spiritualism. At the last service tests and delineations were given by Miss Affie Peabody, who is always present to voice messages from the spirit world. Mrs. Mary Lovering, under the control of "White Wave," gave psychometric readings that were remarkably correct. These meetings are the best in the city, and the large and commodious hall is crowded at every session.

Dr. Osgood F. Stiles is holding public circles and giving private sittings and treatments at 70 Waltham Street. He is a fine medium, and has a most wonderful power for character reading. I gave him a letter from a well known lawyer of this city, a man who is thoroughly skeptical, and the lawyer acknowledges that he described his disposition and character better than he could have done himself, and he was simply "astonished," showing very conclusively that the power to read character and describe future events is not one of the "lost arts." We would most cheerfully recommend that those who have any knotty questions to settle, whether legal or otherwise, should avail themselves of the opportunity to consult Dr. Stiles before he leaves the city for the Summer camp.

Thus the good work goes on, and good old Boston is stirred from center to circumference by the advance of spiritual truth. There are no less than ten public spiritual meetings in this city every Sunday, and a score of private seances, all of which are well patronized, but I hear complaints that our religious meetings are not over-crowded. While all these Church services may be doing good, still the members are seeking for knowledge of the future. A blind "I believe" will not answer the demand, but when "I know" assumes the throne, blind belief must give way to positive knowledge. The spirit world is all around us, and spirit forms are yet to stand by our sides and walk with us as really as do the mortal. Then shall come the millennium we reported at the opening of this letter. God and the angels, hasten the good time coming.

F. ALEXIS HEATH.

Columbus, O.

A most delightful and enjoyable party was given at the residence of Mr. D. A. Herrick, 117 East Reich Street, the occasion being the celebration of the birth of Mr. Herrick's control, Mr. Timothy O'Boyle, who was born May 22, 1790, and passed to spirit life in 1857. He came as a control to Mr. Herrick in the latter's boyhood. It will perhaps never be known to mortals the vast amount of good which has been accomplished by this honest and powerful spirit, who was attracted to his medium by like traits of character. Seventy-five persons honored Tim by their presence. Flowers were brought in great profusion, filling the rooms with their fragrance. Tim's picture, executed in crayon by Mr. Herrick while under control by a spirit artist, rested on an easel in one corner of the parlor. The top of the easel was ornamented by a miniature trumpet.

About half past nine o'clock a delicious lunch of cake and ice-cream was served, after which the guests were invited to the upper parlor, in order that they might enjoy a talk with Tim. All were seated, circle within circle; the gas extinguished; and all joined in singing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Oh, how beautiful and grand sounded the dear old hymn, sang by so many, who, in truth, are nearer to God each day.

Mr. Peck, as Holliday, in the "Silent System," endured for a half hour the torrents of abuse forced upon him by Mrs. Livingston, as Mrs. Holliday, the rattle of her tongue reminding one of an old-fashioned mill-clock.

It was immense, as showing how a woman's flow of language holds out when annoyed, and how Mr. Peck's facial contortions showed what agony her vinegar tongue inflicted. Of course the audience roared and admired the talent that could change a sweet-tempered lady into such a virago.

Mrs. Adams and Mrs. M. M. Merrill beautifully rendered "The Caliph of Bagdad" on the piano.

Mr. Johnson and his sister, Miss Loveland, gave a fine duet on the cornet and piano.

Mr. Peck will address the society the evenings of June, Last Sunday evening be delivered an able lecture upon "True Patriotism," in recognition of "Memorial Day."

Professor Cadwell has been giving a course of lectures on "Mesmerism," with experiments at the society's hall.

H. A. BUDINGTON.

The Northwestern Spiritualist Association.

The third annual camp-meeting will be held at Merrimac Island, commencing June 20th and closing July 1st, 1893. Merrimac Island is situated in the Mississippi River, eight miles below St. Paul, and eighteen miles from Minneapolis. It is thirty-one acres in extent, from twelve to fifteen feet above the river, and is covered with a magnificent grove of elm, cottonwood, and maple trees (some of them being over one hundred feet in height), providing abundant shade. On the west side is a stream from forty to sixty feet wide, which is bridged to accommodate travel. On the east side is the broad expanse of the "Father of Waters," upon whose bosom passenger, freight, and raft steamers, and the ferry running between our island and St. Paul Park. Both sides of the river are lined with little groves, and several islands dot the river in the immediate vicinity, all combining to make one of the most beautiful spots in the Northwest.

To those who wish to have an outing, as well as to receive a feast of spiritual food, our location offers additional inducements. Black bass, pickerel, rock and shovelnose sturgeon, pike, cat, and buffalo fish can be caught from the shores of the island, which, although so near the Twin Cities, is as primitive as when the Indian trod its shores. Boys on the grounds last season kept their tables supplied with fish during the season.

HOW TO REACH US.

Every railroad in the Northwest goes to the Twin Cities. Buy tickets and have your baggage checked to St. Paul. Mark your baggage "Merrimac Island Camp-meeting," and the association will have some one to look to its transfer to the grounds every afternoon. When you arrive at either city, the grounds are readily reached.

From Minneapolis take the Interurban line of electric street cars, to the corner of Fifth and Robert Streets, St. Paul; a walk of one block east and three blocks south takes you to the foot of Jackson street, where the Kansas City Motor Line and the excursion steamers will take you to the camp.

The camp is reached from St. Paul by the Kansas City Motor Line. Trains leave the foot of Jackson Street a.m. 6.20, 7.5, 9.10, 11.20; p.m. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.05, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.15. Returning leave Inver Grove Station a.m. 6.10, 7.27, 8.27, 9.27, 10.27, 11.27; p.m. 1, 2, 27, 3, 27, 4, 27, 5, 27, 6, 32, 7, 27, 8, 27, 9, 27.

Single fare 7 cents. Ten-mile tickets 50 cents. Tickets must be secured as cash fares are not received on trains.

Burlington suburban trains leave Union Depot about every two hours for St. Paul Park. Fare 10 cents. Ferry to Island 5 cents.

Admission, single or daily, 10 cents, weekly, 50 cents; season tickets \$1.50.

Tents can be rented at low prices; also bedding and beds, or cots.

Dining Hall: Table-board, \$4 per week; single meals, 25 cents.

Grocery, bazaar, news-stand, etc., are also on the grounds.

Good music has been provided for, and entertainments and dances will not be among the rarities.

Children are welcome, and will be made happy.

For special information address W. H. Bach, St. Paul, Minn.

Letters to the camp should be addressed: "Inver Grove, Minn. (Merrimac Island.)"

Among the mediums are Mrs. Bessie Aspinwall and C. E. Winans, materialization; Dr. A. F. Ackery, physical manifestations; Mrs. S. F. DeWolf, slate-writing; J. S. Cravens, spirit photography; Mrs. T. L. Hansen, rapping and automatic writing; T. T. Preston, Mrs. M. Stowell, Mrs. F. A. Nelson, healers; and F. Cordon White, Dr. J. M. Temple, Mrs. Jacobs, Mrs. C. Tryon, Mrs. R. W. Barton, Mrs. S. M. Lowell, Mrs. M. Stowell, and Mrs. F. A. Nelson, clairvoyant, trance, and test mediums.

PROGRAM.

June 30 and July 1st—Opening preparations.

Sunday, July 1st, 10:45 a.m., flag raising; 11:00 a.m., opening address, E. Bach, president of the association; 2:30 p.m., address, Oscar A. Edgerly; 4:30 p.m., public test meeting, F. Cordon White; 7 p.m., address, Mrs. Kate Hoskins.

Monday—Conference; Oscar A. Edgerly; and Children's Lyceum.

Tuesday—Fourth of July exercises; fourth of July oration; mediums' meeting; camp dance.

Wednesday—Conference; Henry N. Seed; entertainment.

Thursday—Conference; Oscar A. Edgerly; Children's Lyceum.

Friday—Conference; Oscar A. Edgerly; camp dance.

Saturday—Conference; Dr. U. D. Thomas; mediums' meeting.

Sunday, July 9th—Children's Lyceum; address, Oscar A. Edgerly; address, Lyman C. Howe; public test meeting, F. Cordon White; address, Mrs. S. M. Lowell.

Monday—Conference; Mrs. Carrie Tryon.

Tuesday—Conference; mediums' meeting; Children's Lyceum; camp dance.

Wednesday—Conference; Lyman C. Howe; entertainment.

Thursday—Conference; Lyman C. Howe; Children's Lyceum.

Friday—Mrs. R. W. Barton; business meeting; election of officers; camp dance.

Saturday—Conference; Lyman C. Howe; mediums' meeting.

Sunday, July 16th—Children's Lyceum; address, Lyman C. Howe; address, Helen Stuart-Richings; public test meeting, F. Cordon White; address, Mrs. C. Howe.

Monday—Conference; Allen F. Brown; business meeting Ladies' Auxiliary.

Tuesday—Conference; mediums' meeting; Children's Lyceum; camp dance.

Wednesday—Memorial Day; Conference; Helen Stuart-Richings; entertainment.

Thursday—Conference; Helen Stuart-Richings; Children's Lyceum.

Friday—Conference; Mrs. Bessie Aspinwall; camp dance.

Saturday—Conference; W. H. Bach; medium meeting; entertainment; Helen Stuart Richings.

Sunday, July 23rd—Children's Lyceum; address, Helen Stuart-Richings; public test meetings, F. Cordon White; closing exercises by the several speakers.

The officers of the Northwestern Spiritualist Association are:

President, E. Bach, Aberdeen, S. D.; vice-presidents, Nettie Howell, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. R. U. D. Evans, Inver Grove, Minn.; A. D. Stowell, Mazeppa, Minn.; F. P. Barnes, Blue Earth City, Minn.; A. Fairfield, Hastings, Minn.; secretary, W. H. Bach, St. Paul, Minn.; treasurer, John Sauer, St. Paul, Minn.

Ladies' Auxiliary—President, Mrs. Evie P. Bach, St. Paul, Minn.; secretary, Mrs. P. A. Foote, St. Paul, Minn.

Reception Committee—Mrs. Mamie C. Fisher, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. E. A. Sauer, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. R. U. D. Evans, Inver Grove, Minn.; Mrs. M. Stowell, Mazeppa, Minn.; Mrs. P. A. Foote, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. E. Bach, Aberdeen, S. D.

Superintendent of Grounds—W. H. Bach, St. Paul, Minn.

Springfield, Mass.

The banner entertainment of the season thus far came off May 22d at the aid parlors. Brother W. F. Peck had trained a few of our young people to enact the very amusing farce, entitled "A Quiet Family," and for an hour peals of laughter made the audience verba pa.

The actors were Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Colby, Fred Hart, Leon Holcomb, Miss Alida Kendall, Mrs. Briggs, Miss Gault, and Miss Grace Colby. Mr. Gilbert, as Bibbs, quarreled with his wife, and Mrs. Bibbs, as another Bibbs, quarreled with her husband in a very provoking manner, but both were properly subdued by their partners at last to the intense satisfaction of the audience. Mrs. Gault, as a petite and pretty Salina Summers, won her lover, Fred Hart, as Mr. Parker, and brought him \$10,000 as a dowry, while Miss Colby, as pretty Little Snarey, mated with Leon Holcomb, as Grumpy, took all the grumpiness out of him, and forgot to snarley any more.

Mr. Peck, as Holliday, in the "Silent System," endured for a half hour the torrents of abuse forced upon him by Mrs. Livingston, as Mrs. Holliday, the rattle of her tongue reminding one of an old-fashioned mill-clock.

It was immense, as showing how a woman's flow of language holds out when annoyed, and how Mr. Peck's facial contortions showed what agony her vinegar tongue inflicted. Of course the audience roared and admired the talent that could change a sweet-tempered lady into such a virago.

Mrs. Adams and Mrs. M. M. Merrill beautifully rendered "The Caliph of Bagdad" on the piano.

Mr. Johnson and his sister, Miss Loveland, gave a fine duet on the cornet and piano.

Mr. Peck will address the society the evenings of June, Last Sunday evening be delivered an able lecture upon "True Patriotism," in recognition of "Memorial Day."

Professor Cadwell has been giving a course of lectures on "Mesmerism," with experiments at the society's hall.

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THE WOMEN'S CLUB.

Conducted by EMMA RYD TUTTLE.

SHE WHO IS TO COME.
A woman—is so far as she beholdeth
Her one beloved's face;
A mother—with a great heart that enfoldeth
The children of the Race;
A girl free and strong, with that high beauty
That comes of purity of use, is built thereof,
And mind where Reason ruleth over Duty,
And Justice reigns with Love.
A self-poised, royal soul, brave, wise, and tender,
No longer blind and dumb,
A Human Being of yet unknown splendor,
Is she who is to come!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

We cordially invite contributions suitable for this department, and assure you they will receive prompt attention. Do not wait till you have something great to say; whatever is of daily interest and moment to you, will be to the members of our Club. Consider yourself one, expected to do your part in entertaining the others. Please write on one side of the paper, and address all matter for publication to Emma Wood Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

(Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

The Old Man's Question.

H. D. SHEA.

"Who passes on this road so late,
While I am standing out?
Who passes on this road so late,
Pray hast thou lost thy route?"

"Oh, no, I'll stop upon thy hill,
A light is burning there;
Their winsome babe is taken ill,
Worse than they are aware."

"Who passes on this road so late?
He asked the second night;
Who passes on this road so late,
While stars are twinkling bright?"

"Tis I, to meet the mother who
Has lost her only child;
She knows that I alone am true,
Although they say she's wild."

"Who passes on this road so late?
Again the old man asked:
Who passes on this road so late,
Like some highwayman masked?"

"Thou wakeful old man at thy gate,
Tis I who passed before;
And art thou here to challenge fate?
Best be within thy door."

"To see thy neighbor in thy vale,
Who has a mighty chill
I go, his pulse begins to fail;
His spirit needs my skill."

"Who passes here to-night so late?
Though I have not retired;
For whom hast thou stopped there to wait?"

The aged one inquired.

"Not anyone is passing by;
To call on thee I came;

I wait for neither low nor high;

Death is my well-known name."

GOING TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

To the Editor of the Women's Club

So many of my patients and friends have asked my opinion in regard to attending the World's Fair I have concluded to write, so many may be benefited if they so desire. I shall answer my friend's letter, thus answering you all.

Yes, my dear friend, I shall come to Chicago to stay three or four weeks. I shall ask you to get for me a room about eight or twelve miles from the city proper, where I can have a room to myself, even if it is small. I want to be quiet after a day at the White City, where I have been in so much noise, confusion, hurry, and bustle during the day.

If possible I want to be where I can have a cup of hot coffee, some cold bread, with a dish of fruit for my breakfast. I do not care for style, but give me home comforts. When I return to my room at night I want a pitcher of hot water so I may take a bath ere retiring, thus insuring a restful sleep. I shall take my meals where hunger overtakes me. As to wearing apparel, I shall come clothed in a dust-colored flannel dress, plainly made, and, knowing Chicago weather, shall always carry the everlasting Mackintosh and rubbers. A hat without flowers in case it should rain, for an umbrella I detest. If my hat is ruined I can easily buy another, as hats are very reasonable there. My shoes shall be a size and a last too large, and well broken; for when last at the White City I wore a pair of comfortable-fitting shoes, but I found I suffered intensely, for walking and standing from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. caused them to be like puff balls, and as tender as could be. I shall bring my telescope satchel, which will contain handkerchiefs many, hose, and a change of linen, because I can easily have a change washed and ready all the time. If I want a thin dress I shall have cheap black calico made, full skirt and surplice waist. Of course I am going to wear colored underwear—that's the style—and a black petticoat. I am sure I can see the sights, learn many useful lessons, and at the same time take unlimited comfort. Then if you can spare to me a few days of your valuable time I will pay your expenses for each day you are with me, that I may have some one to help me to enjoy all the sights, and in time to come we can talk over what we have seen. What do you say to my proposition?

Yes, I know June 1st is nearly here, but I understand many exhibits are still in boxes. I think July and August will be the best months, and as I am not afraid of cholera I shall come in July. I believe many die from fright, thinking they have all the cholera symptoms, thus taking on someone's condition; but you will please remember when I do step off this plane of action I am to be cremated.

Hoping you may be successful in your chosen work, I am sincerely your sister woman, VICTORIA PARKES, M. D.

The foregoing article, by Dr. Parkes, is most timely, and will be fully appreciated and made practical by those who know what an undertaking it is to see the Fair. Those who are ignorant of its magnitude may start out thinking to combine self-display and sight-seeing, but we think they will regret it if vanity overrules sense in the matter of dress. Read the following and think seriously:

Expressed in compact form the World's Fair grounds at Chicago, buildings, etc., have the following areas: Jackson Park has a frontage on Lake Michigan of one and a half miles and contains 543 acres, seventy-seven of which are water. The midway Plaisance is a mile long and 600 feet wide and contains eighty acres, in addition to the before mentioned acreage. There are thirty-nine Exposition buildings proper, and a covered floor space of 159 acres. Adding the galleries there are 1997 acres. There are besides the Exposition buildings, forty-four State and Territorial buildings. Eighteen buildings were erected by foreign governments, and forty others for the minor purposes of the management, restaurants, advertising wares and enterprises. In the Midway Plaisance are the foreign villages, shops, etc. The visitor who would simply take a passing look at each of the vast array of exhibits must walk about 124 miles of aisles. Add to this the distance from one building to another, which must of necessity be traveled many times, and the distance to be covered will reach fully 150 miles.

Mrs. Alice M. Cheeney, the only woman express messenger in Boston, began business four years ago, taking the transfers for the Adams Express Company between Chelsea and Boston. She now has five teams at work every day, with headquarters at three offices.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

AT THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

D. F. H.

I have been calling at a neighbor's this afternoon, and again do I find myself guilty of having spoken without that all-essential sober, second thought.

We were talking of life and of the change called death, and I said I did not wish to live to be old. I wanted to go in my youth, before my hair was silvered, my face wrinkled, and my form bent with age. That I did not care to be remembered in that way. I wanted to be remembered as when looking my best.

It seemed to me that I had said what I thought, but coming home that little monitor within kept exclaiming over and over again: "What a one-sided view! What a one-sided view!" And I found no peace till I sat down at this twilight hour to face the problem squarely.

Do I wish to die while young? Do I wish to enter the next life with so few of the experiences of this? Why, I have planned to be and do more than I possibly could, if successful, in two common lives.

Do I wish to stop now with none of the bright anticipations of the future realized? Am I here for no purpose that I wish to leave when I have commenced life's realities? Is there no niche in life's workshop that I am appointed to fill? Have I no work? Can I do nothing "to make this world better, a little less dreary" for some fellow traveler? And methinks I hear an answer wasted back on the still evening air:—

"No stream from its source,
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But some land is gladdened,
No star ever rose and set
Without influence somewhere."

No matter about the failures, the disappointments, the misunderstandings if it has but radiated a pure influence it has not lived in vain. And who thinks of the wrinkles on the faces of our loved ones? Only as they come one by one we realize that they are nearing the better world to reap from the good seed they have sown, when we would fain keep them with us yet a little longer.

And after thinking it all over my prayer could not be otherwise than: Oh! that I might understand and obey nature's laws, so that I may be enabled to remain in this sphere my allotted time, gaining each year in knowledge, self-discipline, good works, and loving words; and be able to look back upon a life well spent in the beautiful twilight of life.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Sleep and Death.

(Inspirational.

SLEEP.

I take the infant in my arms,
And soothe its cries with potent charms,
And strengthened thus by sweet repose
He soon to youth and manhood grows.

When cares and sorrows to him come,
He turns to me within his home;
I seldom fail him in his need,
I give him strength, his mind I feed.

And when he draws his latest breath
I yield him to my sister Death.
Who takes from him his earthly clay,
And gives him garments bright as day.

DEATH.

I meet him on the shining shore,
His mind with truth I freely store;
The Churchly creeds that clog his mind
Are cast aside and left behind.

I lead him on in happy dreams,
Ever unfolding richer scenes,
Until his spirit comes to know
I am his friend and not his foe.

Where pain and sorrow cease to be;
Where justice reigns and all are free.
There he will bless with bated breath
The fair twin sisters, Sleep and Death.

Woman's Slaves.

Woman, dear, do you know the two most faithful friends that you have ever had in this world? No, they are not your father and mother, but your own feet. Do you appreciate the fact that many a time when sore and weary they have carried you home safely without exacting a fare when you have spent your last sou for ice cream soda or a bunch of posies?

And now the question arises, do you take proper care of these patient carriers? Do you bathe them carefully every night of your life—rub them lovingly and gratefully, the poor, tired things, after all your gadding around—with a little alcohol or just a wee bit of Florida water, and then sift a dust of violet powder between the toes that they may feel cool and rested?

If you neglect these things, oh, woman, you deserve all the corns and bunions that outraged nature will send. She will get even with you in one way or another, and knowing of your black ingratitude to the friends that bear your whole burden through every step of your life, this is the way she has of showing you her methods of preventing cruelty to feet.

—St. Louis Republic.

Mrs. M. J. Dean, of New Mexico, announces the departure of Sister M. P. Chace to join the loved ones who had long been beckoning. Her earth work was faithfully done, and the harvest full of golden wheat.

Christine Nilsson was once at the house of a Chicago millionaire near New York. A distinguished company had been invited to meet her at dinner.

On entering the dining-room she dropped her host's arm and hurrying in amazement to the stately young butler, seized him effusively by the hand and engaged him in conversation, while the other guests stood waiting and the entertainer looked on in astonishment.

"That man," she exclaimed to the group when they were seated, "is the son of a kind old nobleman on whose estate my father worked as a day laborer when we were children. Fortune has smiled on me, while it has frowned on my old playmate, whom I find under such changed circumstances."—American Youth.

Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon, a well-known woman lawyer on the Pacific Coast, has filed her application for the Consulship at Hawaii.

It was righteous wrath that prompted Police Justice Ryan to say to Frederick Gallagher yesterday: "I wish it was in my power to have you flogged with your own whip." Gallagher was arraigned for deliberately knotting his whip and knocking out the eye of a horse he drove to a truck. There are indeed few forms of punishment too severe for a culprit against whom such a charge is proved.

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's saffron crown
They shine forever more.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

In Memoriam.

Lines inscribed to our beloved friend and sister, Ida May Egger, who passed to the higher life May 17, 1882.

Heaven is nearer to-day
Than it ever was before.
Far more dim the mists that play
Round its flower-encircled door,
For thy feet, sweet friend, have pressed
Those pure shores of peace and rest,
And heaven is nearer and more fair
Since thou art there.

Earth is darker and more sad
Than it was in all the past,
And the blue sky once so glad
Seems by shadows overcast.
Since dear Ida's gentle face
We miss from its accustomed place;
But heaven is nearer and more fair
Since she is there.

When the shades upon the hill
Reach across the earthly plane,
And our souls are hushed and still
She will come to us again.
Her loving presence we shall feel
All the griefs of earth to heal,
For Heaven is nearer and more fair
Since she is there.

God's dear laws are ever kind
And the door is left ajar.
Our sad eyes tear-dimmed and blind
Yet may trace the guiding star,
Safe beyond the care and pain
We shall find our own again.
Heaven is nearer and more fair
Since she is there.

Sister death will seem more sweet
And far less a mystery
Since its coming guides our feet
Over the path that leads to thee.
We'd not hold thee with our tears
Back from those celestial spheres,
But Heaven is nearer and more fair
Since thou art there.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG;

HEAVEN AND HELL.

From the Light of Truth and the Light of the World.

THE LAST JUDGMENT,

At the end of the world.

Both books (the first in 1848, pp. 112, and the second in 1851, pp. 112) are now in print.

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Department F.

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Miscellaneous Articles

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

The Crisis Approaches--A Religious Boycott.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

A special from Chicago of May 5th to the *Buffalo News* reads: "In case the Exposition gates are opened next Sunday it is reported that the word for a boycott will be telegraphed far and wide among the religious organizations of the country, and that a determined effort will be made to destroy the financial prospects of the show, in order that a telling blow may be struck against the non observance of the Sabbath at future expositions. The great hotels which have been erected in Chicago by representatives of various national religious organizations will be the greatest sufferers if a boycott is declared, and the managers are in a state of dire alarm over the prospect." It is known that thousands of members of the Christian Endeavor Society throughout the country, and especially in Ohio, have signed pledges to boycott the Exposition if it opens on Sunday." Men who are well informed regarding religious journalism in America declare that fully three-fourths of the weekly newspapers of this class will join in urging people to stay away from Chicago."

And this is Christianity! "Rule or ruin" is their motto, and they will rule if they rule. We are manifestly approaching a crisis. The long pent-up wrath of decaying sectarianism is gathering for a desperate final conflict with progressive civilization. They have effectually hedged and handied Congress by fraud and wily scheming and got a clearly unconstitutional act passed in the interest of dogmatic theology, and directly against the interest of the people and the success of the great show. Without regard to the rights of others, they now propose to force their evil dictation by a religious boycott. If this account of their plans be true, it furnishes the enemy of Christianity with the most powerful weapon that has been wielded since the seventeenth century. It shows that the direct fruit of Protestant sectarianism (which is substituted for Christianity) is a villainous political scheme to compel all people to obey their arbitrary orders, and a total disregard for all human rights; a despotic and diabolical dictation of unscrupulous priesthood, the most depraved and dangerous enemy with which republics have to deal. We berate the Catholics for their political ambition and wily schemes to enthronize a Pope in America; but they are no whit worse than these plotting Protestants who have no regard for justice or liberty, except as they can wield them for ambitious ends and make themselves masters of the public conscience.

They can not hold against the intelligence of a free people, nor cope with the reasonings of Spiritualists and liberal thinkers. They have used billingsgate, slander, ridicule, and all the weapons of decaying authority, and appeal to ignorance and prejudice to small purposes. Free thought has steadily advanced. Dogmatic theology is impotent in the intellectual arena. With all the learning and discipline of its creedmen it is no match for the progressive thinker, and the only hope for the survival of its dictatorial authority is in coercion. This is the old method revived to save the sinking craft from utter ruin, it is their only hope in the "last ditch."

Christian boycotts! Christian organizations in this free country (?) lending themselves to a scheme to ruin the World's Fair if they can not bind it in their Pagan swaddling clothes! A Christian (?) scheme to compel the whole world to bow at a Pagan shrine! They very well know that *Sunday* is a cion from Paganism, without a shadow of a warrant in the Christian's Bible. It may be no worse for being of Pagan origin, but what would our dogmatic dictators say if the "Heathen Chinese" or devout Moslems should dictate to the Columbian Exposition what days it might be opened and what days it must close? They have just as good right to impose their religion on this republic as any class of Christians. Only on the principle that "might makes right," have Christians any better claim. But this is the rule that governs Christian ethics in the organized expression of their standard. If all felt as I do their boycott would be a boomerang. But hold! This report may not be well founded. What if it should prove false? Well, that would leave me less charge against the Bibliocentric idolaters. But the Edwards Bill in New York, which classes all mediums, clairvoyants, etc., as swindlers to be fined twenty-five dollars for each offense for finding lost property, forecasting events, etc., for reward, and the same spirit as recently displayed in Ohio and Illinois, indicate the religious trend, and we may expect any measure that bigotry can devise and engineer through a careless legislature, will come to the front, and a wholesale boycott would be in order whenever they see a chance to make it a success. They have got on the war paint. They are getting down to business, and the only remedy left us is to spot every politician that favors class legislation, or religious meddling in State affairs, and unite to a man at the polls to elect all such to stay at home. Let liberty of conscience, and the private and commercial rights of all mediums as well as all others of whatever name or faith, be the foremost issue in all political action; and ignoring old party bonds, let us with one voice put down this horde of petty political poodles who have no higher appreciation of a free government of the people, by the people, for the people, than to make it a party machine for the manufacture of sectarian idols and defying the Constitution for the glory of orthodox diabolism.

There is no Christianity in this boycott. There is no religion in it. There is no patriotism in it. It is simply a malevolent display of moral idiocy and sectarian rabbies. It is against every sentiment of justice and gospel liberty. It is a plague-spot on the character of the Church, that endorses it. It is the old virus of Torquemada, at whose name humanity revolts, and the witch-killing madness, which is an eternal blot on the Christian character, of Puritan bigots. Let us strike bands over all party ties and unite to banish this sectarian infamy from the republic.

EVOLUTION AND RE-INCARNATION.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

I seldom give more than a passing glance to published lectures, but Mr. W. J. Hull's reputation as a thinker, and the title of his discourse published in your issue of May 6th, viz., "Evolution vs. Re-incarnation," caused me to read carefully his views therein expressed, and, while I hesitate to criticise the views of a fellow worker lest I create unpleasant feelings, I feel that, in this case, criticism is a duty, and I do not doubt that Brother Hull will accept it in the same kindly spirit it is offered. The subject of evolution is to me one of the most interesting of all, and I have given much thought to it, especially in its bearing upon the question of a future life. The general truths of evolution may be regarded as settled. The evidences have accumulated so rapidly and numerously that it may be considered ad demonstrated fact.

This being so, then the question of continued existence as viewed in the light of this law must necessarily be of the utmost importance, therefore, we should welcome every effort to shed new light upon it, and I am glad that Mr. Hull should discuss this matter as he does, even though I am compelled to differ with him in some of his premises as well as his conclusions. Permit me to say at the outset that I am not prepared to accept the theory of re-incarnation as taught by its leading exponents. Yet, when such teachers as Mrs. Richmond, Mr. Colville, Mrs. Lake, and others of like ability give

it their support, it is, at least, worthy of respectful consideration and does not deserve the ridicule many are disposed to heap upon it.

Of one thing I am confident. Whether re-incarnation is a fact or not, there is nothing in the laws of evolution, as properly understood, which conflicts with it in the slightest degree. If Mr. Hull's arguments lead to the conclusion he has deduced, it is because his premises have not been in accordance with the facts as laid down by all authorities upon the subject, and this I desire to show. Although there are a number of points in his discourse which are open to criticism, I will mention but two or three, as the most of them have no bearing upon the main issue.

Speaking of the formation of worlds Mr. Hull says: "Heat, producing condensation and contraction, began in the nebula by virtue of which the satellite was left to whirl its eternal course around the primary."

Passing by the rather audacious use of the word *eternal* as applied to the course of a satellite, I am constrained to say that the above is a singular statement to proceed from so careful a thinker as Brother Hull is reported to be, and I am almost inclined to lay the blame on the reporter or compositor. "Heat, producing condensation and contraction." Surely the lecturer must have known that this is exactly the reverse of the truth. Heat causes rarefaction and expansion not condensation and contraction. It is the radiation or elimination of heat thus lessening the rapidity of vibration of the atoms, and permitting them to draw nearer together under the law of cohesive attraction, which produces condensation.

It may be urged that this point has no bearing upon the main question at issue. Perhaps not, but if the speaker has thus misapprehended facts in a matter so simple, may he not have failed upon other points vital to the subject? We read further, and sure enough we find that he has done that very thing. Speaking of the evolution of forms he says: "There is nowhere to be found any receding or retrogressive action in the great general outworkings of nature's laws." It seems to me that only the most superficial view of evolutionary methods could prompt such a statement, for, as in the former case, the exact converse is true as all evolutionists know. There is no fact more fully demonstrated than that the process of evolution is one constant succession of progressive and retrogressive steps; of integration and disintegration; of building up and tearing down. This rule holds good in every department of nature so far as man has been able to extend his observations.

Naturalists have long recognized what they term "retrogressive metamorphosis" by which they account for the peculiar forms of many plants and animals. Degeneration is as much a fact as elaboration in the evolutionary process. Retrogression in plants, animals, races of men, society, languages, continuing for great periods of time, are fully recognized by those who have made a study of these things. The belief is wide-spread among evolutionists that the monkey is a degenerate descendant from some extinct creature which probably formed the "missing link" between the simian and the human. One branch has elaborated into man, the other has degenerated to the ape.

These being facts, then the strongest objection to re-incarnation from the evolutionary standpoint is removed, for we have not the slightest reason to suppose that natural law is eliminated or banished from the spiritual world, and the possibilities of temporary degeneration in that world are made quite apparent. As I have already stated, I am not prepared to accept the doctrine of re-incarnation as taught by its leading exponents, but it is not because of any obstacles contained in the laws of evolution, but because of greatly insufficient evidence. I can scarcely believe that an Emerson or a Webster will "bob up," as Mr. Hull says, in the form of a Hottentot few thousand years hence, but I am not prepared to deny that the process may be reversed. So far as evolution is concerned both propositions may be correct, for however long continued or however low the degeneration, the state is but temporary when compared with eternity.

Mr. Hull's objection that the people who have been born into the world since the fall of Rome outnumber those who have passed away by hundreds of millions is not by any means insuperable. As man has inhabited this planet for hundreds of thousands of years the earth has doubtless been populated and depopulated many times, so there would be no lack of material for re-incarnation if it were a fact.

Evolution affords some of the most striking and convincing evidences of life beyond the grave, and this fact is beginning to be realized even by those who are styled "ultra-Materialists." At first sight this theory seemed to antagonize the spiritualistic view, but deeper investigation and profound knowledge have modified greatly the extreme views of the materialistic scientists, and to-day the immense majority of evolutionists, including its leading lights, are believers in the immortality of the soul. That evolution not only points logically to a future life, but that its rational and logical sequence is a modified but positive form of the doctrine of re-incarnation I fully believe. I can not think that it justifies the extreme views of the Theosophists and of some of our Spiritualists, but it gives a color of truth to them and affords another evidence of the oft-stated fact that all errors have more or less basis in truth, which has been magnified and distorted by the lenses through which it was viewed.

The limits and scope of this article will not permit me to give the reasons for the faith that is in me. Many who have listened to my lectures know what they are, and I regard them as conclusive from the premises.

W. F. PECK.

About Eating.

Some recent statistics go to show that we are eating more than we can make good use of. The stomach is the hardest-try organ of the body. We get too lazy for severe hand work and head work, but are never too lazy to work our stomachs. The consensus of the opinions of the doctors is that we use too little fluid and too much solid. We should, they tell us, drink more water, especially in the morning after rising, and in the evening before going to bed; and we should eat much less voraciously. Eating, which was originally a process to balance waste in the economy of life, is now, to a great extent, resolving itself into the gratification of gastronomic desires. The wonderful capacity for work possessed by the world-renowned Professor Tyndall is attributed, according to his own confession, to a rational view of this subject. He began life with the conviction that eating too much was quite as sinful and almost as injurious as drinking too much. Acting on this principle, he was able to work sixteen hours a day at severely intellectual tasks. Overeating not only lessens the power to do protracted mental work, but spoils the equality of what is done. We'll probably eat one-half more than is of the best value for any purpose. Our energy is used in getting rid of superfluities, rather than in deriving the needed amount of nutrition from the food we eat. It is demonstrable that by far the majority of deaths are attributable to the difficulties we involve ourselves in from the superfluous part of our food. Very few suffer from too little food compared to the number who suffer from overfeeding.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

It is only during a temporary suspension of our passions that we can realize what lies beyond our sphere of existence. Abnegation, therefore, not only lifts the curtain to a higher view of life, but often whets the appetite for a taste of it or intensifies the ambition to enter into and become a part of it.

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NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, Continued.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Jules Wallace is now located at 2804 Oliver Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. A. H. Luther may be addressed at Crown Point, Ind., until further notice.

Our next issue will contain a "phenomenal" surprise, and one that will prove very interesting reading all around.

Mrs. M. J. Garrett has settings daily at S. W. corner Kickapoo and Plum Streets—entrance on the first named street.

Interesting reports of seances for the materialization of spirits can be found on second page of this issue, two of them pertaining to local mediums.

George H. Brooks may be addressed just now at 144 N. Liberty Street, Elgin, Ill. An interesting communication from him is in hand, awaiting its "heat."

A new supply of Dr. E. D. Babbits' "Health and Power" just received—being a hand-book of cure and human up-building. Cloth binding, 25 cents; leather, 35 cents.

On June 4th the American Electric College will hold its annual commencement at the Union Society Hall, 115 West State Street, to which all the friends of the cause are invited. Admission free.

The People's Philosophical Society of Spiritualism will give a social and musical entertainment Saturday evening, June 14th, at the N. W. corner of Fifteenth and Elm Streets. Admission 25 cents.

Mrs. Josephine Kopp, trumpet and test medium of 534 Powers Street, Cumminsville, will hold circles at 2:30 p.m. on Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, and Friday, at 2 and 5 p.m., and on Saturday at 8 p.m., second floor, rear of building.

Mrs. Theresa Allen writes that she has just returned from Moline, Ill., and may be addressed at Cherryvale, Kan., for the present. She also writes of Mr. George C. Armstrong of the latter place as one of the strong men in our cause, and an honor to the same.

The First Society of Bible Spiritualists meets every Thursday at 7:30 p.m. at 40 W. Seventh Street. Lecture and business tests by Dr. Mary Gebauer, and tests of spirit-return by other local mediums. Admission 10 cents. Development classes meet once a week.

The picnic of the Union Society will take place this year at Coney Island, as usual. But the day of the week has been changed to Thursday to accommodate the ladies. The date fixed is the 15th of June. Those who can will undoubtedly attend, as the Union Society picnic is always one of those events in spiritual circles that few can afford to miss.

The People's Philosophical Society of Spiritualism will hold their regular meetings every afternoon and evening in June, at the northwest corner of Fifteenth and Elm Streets. Mediums Mrs. Kirby, Mrs. Kopp, Miss Walters, and Mrs. Schafatal will give tests. All invited.

The Republic of Moline, Kansas, gives Mrs. Theresa Allen a number of good notices for her spiritual work in that city. We suspect that another journalist has been converted to Spiritualism. Editor Stead has proved a good example. Let the good work go on. Editors are preferable to preachers. They do not hide their light under a bushel. And don't forget to show your preference for the papers that sustain you.

President N. C. Westerfield of the North Star Spiritualist Association writes that Mrs. Sallie Scovell has been working for the society at Minneapolis, Minn., during May, to be followed by Helen Stuart-Richings for June. Mr. Westerfield can be addressed on matters concerning the camp at 215 Berry Block, Minneapolis, Minn. He will also furnish the LIGHT OF TRUTH with camp news during the meeting.

Rev. E. A. Coil at College Hall Sunday preached a sermon favoring the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday. He said he did not believe it would curtail the liberties of the church-going people, but would prevent thousands from spending their time in saloons. Because one of his boys will not eat potatoes, he will not cut him off from all food or send him to the garbage barrel for the same. Concerning their argument to give the toilers at the Fair a rest, Mr. Coil asks why clergymen permit their flocks to ride to church in street-cars and carriages, the drivers of which also need Sunday rest; and why they are pleased to see their sermons reported in Monday's paper, knowing that reporters and printers are compelled to toil on Sunday to oblige them. Oh, my! echo answers saught.

The Ladies' Aid of the Union Society met at their hall on Wednesday afternoon at the usual hour. Routine business was soon disposed of, and the many ladies assembled were greatly pleased to know that the entire afternoon was to be given up to the social part of the work.

To prove beyond the strife,
Which we encounter here,
There is life eternal life
Out there in spirit spheres.

And well did the guides of Mr. Weeks, Mrs. Kirby, and Mrs. Mitchell fulfill their part, giving test after test of the most convincing nature which we will not attempt to describe, but give you a most cordial invitation to come and see for yourselves and know that

Ministering spirits do surround
Mortals on this earthly plane
Their teachings will not us confound—
May all this truth attain.
Since the Bible as the mighty word
Is on trial by the creeds,
There are millions who have never heard,
What were their special needs.
Now let us each resolve to share
And better understand,
Love's law should govern everywhere
Our spirit friends command.
We then can show the world forsooth
We had the "Better Way,"
And now we have the "Light of Truth"
To guide us day by day.
If you would have this guide always
In your home appear,
Please send in your name to-day
With one dollar for a year.

GENNIE.

Last Sunday evening closed Professor J. Clegg Wright's engagements, which, however, may be extended another Sunday, as announced by President Hare of the Union Society, should Willard J. Hull, who is engaged for June, not be able to arrive in time—Being severely "under the weather" Mr. Wright could not do justice to himself, as he is wont to do. Suffering acute pain, much of the usual vim was missing with which he generally deals out his potions, but he was not unmindful of that which he did give. His logic never fails him. The substance of his remarks pointed to the moulding of human character, and the difference between this and reputation. The first ten years of a child's existence, he maintained, mostly determined the future of the adult, thus the policy of the Catholic Church in caring for the young. Children who manifest no sort of ambition by that time, usually make of life a failure. It is the duty of parents, therefore, to look after their mental training and aid in character building. Character, he said, constitutes the strength of the individual, and becomes en masse the glory of the nation. Character is what you are, and reputation is what your friends estimate you to be. Man may have a good character and a bad reputation. A thousand thoughts may pass through your mind, yet your best friend may not know the character of those thoughts. Some may have a good reputation, but a bad character. Here the speaker gave a little side lecture on prenatal culture, containing some wholesome advice to mothers. He said criminals often owed their origin to the ignorance of parents on this score. This led to a dissertation on the unjust punishment of criminals for what they could not help. Punishment he regarded as an invention of barbarous minds. Education and character building he considered the essentials to reform. The freed individual he would have build his own by sticking to the good he has begun, this being the road to his future welfare and happiness. Mr. Wright also called attention to the important fact of placing children right to begin life with. Morse, for example, was put to painting, but nature made him an inventor. In this manner many mistakes are made; and, as he figuratively stated it, square men are made to fill round holes, and round men to fill square holes. Discontentment in life is the result. He closed with some complimentary remarks to the audience, and thanked them for their kind attention during the month; also concerning the fair treatment he received by the spiritual press. Mr. Archer, who served with him during this time, gave an especially good send off. His last remarks concerned the investigation of Spiritualism. He said a truth never loses its brightness by investigation; and admonished all to continue in their search, implying that knowledge built character, which will ever be remembered, while reputation is soon forgotten.—Mr. Hare then arose to express his thanks to Mr. Wright in the name of the society for his month's services, after which Mr. Archer was controlled to give tests of spirit-return. On this occasion about fifty short ones were given to some thirty different individuals, but mostly of a personal nature. One impersonal test was to take

a young man's watch, and after holding it a few moments, told him to write down some figures which he would call out. When finished he said that was the number of the watch. Upon being opened it proved correct. As Mr. Archer does not leave his camp until the 15th of June, he will be with the Union Society next Sunday yet, and as he may be gone the entire summer, another opportunity is afforded the friends to witness some of his remarkable tests.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Within the past two years this city has experienced a very remarkable awakening upon the subject of Spiritualism. The interest manifested in the beautiful philosophy seems to be deep and abiding. No inconsiderable degree of credit for that interest is due Mrs. Seery Hibberts, the famous trumpet medium, who now resides in Monroe. She has been visiting our city at irregular intervals for the last five or six months, and has become a great favorite with our people, not only as a wonderful medium, but as a lady whose heart is in her work for the good of the cause.

The only fault we find with her is that her visits here are too abominably infrequent and most aggravatingly abbreviated in duration. She ought to stay with us at least two or three months at a time; if, indeed, it is not her duty to take up her permanent abode with us. She was with us a few days last week, and held some of the most wonderful seances I have ever had the pleasure of attending. I could not possibly do them justice by an attempt at description. The following, however, may give you a faint idea of the character of the communications received:

On Thursday morning, May 18th, a young man of one of our prominent, oldest, and most respected families met a sudden death under circumstances which created the impression in the minds of many that he had committed suicide. On the following Tuesday, in one of Mrs. Seery Hibberts' circles held at my house, I inquired of one of her controls, Dr. Sharp, if there was present the spirit of a young man who was buried the day before, not giving the name. The doctor replied that he was not present, but that he would get him. I then asked if he could give me the name. He answered: "I can give you the name, but you want this as a test, don't you?" I replied in the affirmative, when he said: "Then, let him announce his name when he comes."

In a moment or two the trumpet came up to my son, Dr. Van Sweringen, called him by name, announced his own, and told him that the papers were wrong in attributing his death to suicide. He said that it was accidental; that in descending the stairs in the barn, where he had gone to shoot rats, he made a misstep, the trigger of the small Flobert rifle caught in his pants about the waist, when the bullet was discharged with fatal effect. He named the persons who were present soon after his body was discovered. Said that his brother William was the first to find him, and reminded me of picking up his hand and arm, examining his wound, and remarking that he must have been dead for an hour or two. He named all of his pall bearers, and the hymns that were sung at his grave. Told us to tell his mother that all was well with him, that he did not commit suicide, etc. Finally, directly opposite in the circle sat a lady who, years ago, gave him and his brother music lessons, and at her request he came over to her, tapped her gently with the trumpet on the head and hands, and held quite an extended conversation with her, reminding her of the only two tunes he learned to play, giving their titles, etc., all of which was absolutely convincing to the lady, who is an old-school Presbyterian. There were sixteen in the circle, nearly everyone of whom received similar tests, of a most convincing character.

After the circle had disbanded, at 5:30 p.m., I visited the mother of the young man, and related what we had received, which, while very comforting to her, caused her to break down in tears and sobs, as would be naturally expected. In the evening I attended another seance, when he came again and thanked me for so promptly delivering his message (without me mentioning it), adding that it was a great comfort to her, notwithstanding her augmented grief. I asked him how he knew that I had delivered his message, when he replied promptly: "I was there when you delivered it, and heard and saw all that was said and done."

H. V. SWERINGEN.

Rockford, Mich.

It has been my good fortune to receive a call to Rockford, Mich. I accepted with a little feeling of hesitation, for the reason that the town being small I expected but little enthusiasm would be found there in Spiritualism; but to my great joy I found a good, and best of all, a harmonious and working society, owing no man and owning their own hall. They have developing circles among themselves, and do not ask for any developing medium. In this way they have progressed until they may, with truth, be called a band of mediums. I know it is invidious to mention anywhere all are developing, but I desire to mention some for the encouragement of others. Mrs. Mary Roberts since last November has developed automatic writing. Her control gives through her hand poetry of great strength and full of poetic fervor—writing upside down and from right to left.

Mrs. Berry also has developed writing in a few months, giving messages, both in prose and poetry, and of such pathos and sweetness as moves the recipient to tears and convives that their "loved dead are living still!"

Dear Mrs. Pratt goes among the sick, a healing medium, and often healing those whom the physicians fail to cure.

Mrs. Dockery last, but far from the least, is a fine test medium, and freely gives out to the audiences the convincing evidences that "your loved arisen one is by your side." Even so let the good work go on!

I have seldom met with so earnest, hard workers, and it points a moral that its sister societies in Grand Rapids and the many Spiritualists without a society in Muskegon may well profit by.

As a fitting crown for such a society they have as president E. R. Keech, who, with his wife, are but to be mentioned to be fully recognized by any true Spiritualist who has ever been in Rockford.

ELIZABETH STRANGER.

New Orleans, La.

Senator Smith delivered a very interesting and touching lecture Sunday night, May 23d, entitled, "After Death, What?" The audience was fair, and highly appreciated his discourse.

On Wednesday evening previous, the Children's May Festival came off and proved one of the grandest entertainments of the season. The whole festival was managed and conducted by children alone, Eddie Turner being the young master of ceremonies. After giving an opening speech, Master Turner introduced the young performers, who all acquitted themselves in the most creditable manner. The May Queen was Miss Hazel Graner, who performed well her part, while the other little ones showed careful training in the dance. At the close of the piece a tableau was formed. The following was the program:

Piano solo, Miss Virginia Dwyer; recitation, "Dolls Invited to Tea," Miss Hazel Graner; song, "It is a Long Road That has no Turn," Master George Lambert; dialogue in character, "The Western Inn-keeper," by Tony Gauche and John Hoyt; song, "Weaver John," little Katie Lambert; recitation, "Mrs. Fogarty's Cake," Miss Mattie Zander; cornet solo, John Hoyt; piano solo, Master N. Caeusso; accordion solo, Master Gauche; piano solo, little Beatrice Woods. Little Eva Irion, aged two years, gave a recitation entitled, "How High." For an encore she gave a song, accompanied by the piano, which was played by a child of eight.

At the conclusion of the program the audience was invited up stairs to partake of ice-cream and cake, after which both children and audience kept up the dance until a late hour.

MABEL KLINE.

Coming Home.

That rare medium and indefatigable worker, Mrs. Helen Fairchild, has been giving highly successful seances in Australia the past few months. In a letter just received from her, written at Melbourne, Australia, after telling me of her voyage and enjoyment of the new scenery and scenes which met her, of the kindness of the friends she had met there, and who have so generously patronized her, she expresses her desire to be once more at home among the friends on this side of the sea.

She adds: "Say to my friends that I long to see them once more, and that I shall be at my home in Denver, Colo., in June of the present year; also that I shall soon after my return publish a book containing 'Reminiscences of my Life and Work.' I will also, as soon as possible after reaching home, reply to correspondents whose letters I was forced to leave unanswered, in the hurry of preparations for departure, and the press of giving seances up to the last moment."

I am sure the friends who know me do how wonderful the manifestations through her mediumship are, will be glad to hear that so rare a treat awaits them, as such a book can not fail to be.

May favoring breezes bring her swiftly and safely home to the many appreciative friends who will eagerly await her.

OLIVIA F. SHEPARD.

Yonkers, N. Y.

St. Louis, Mo.

The Republic of 15th ult says: Mr. Jules Wallace, the sensational medium, who at present gives spiritualistic seances in Cooper's Hall, corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Franklin Avenue, came very near inaugurating a regular Indian ghost dance in this city. Last night he had Amos Grant, Brave Heart, Young Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, Behind the Ball, Chevenus Boy, Rock Horse, and Running Fox, seven Indians of the Dr. Carver Scout Company, in the hall, where he gave them an especial seance. His queer maneuvering and the spirits he brought back to earth caused a vast amount of grunting among the seven, and enthused them to such an extent that they were prone to start a ghost dance.

Medium Wallace tragically trod to and fro in the hall, grabbed the braves by the hand and told them how Sitting Bull was getting along and also all about Red Cloud of the Sioux Nation, until they began to feel like emitting a few salutary war whoops. When the electric lights of the hall began to flicker and go out and in again the Indians began to grunt and chatter until the spirits got scared and quit fooling with the lights.

Manager Clifton of the company and Joe Vlouders, an interpreter, came along with the Indians to see that they understood it all. Jules Wallace, the medium, claimed to be bothered by the spirit of Carlyle Harris, who was over anxious to tell how it feels to be electrocuted, but Wallace would not have it. Sitting Bull came back, possessed himself of the medium and began to assert that he had been murdered by agents of the United States government. He wanted to shake hands with all the Indians, and claimed a relationship with Behind the Bull, who was present. He sent his kindest regards to Dr. Carver and also to Buffalo Bill—who he chose to call the friend of all Indians. He wanted some of the Indians to tell Buffalo Bill, whenever they happened to meet him, to visit some medium in Chicago, as the spirits have some good advice to give him regarding weighty matters. Red Cloud, the sub-chief of the Sioux Nation, came back and greeted the Indians all around, going through many of the formalities of his predecessor, Sitting Bull. Several other spirits were recalled, much to the satisfaction of the Indians, who were worked up into a kind of religious frenzy. It was noticeable throughout the program that the spirits had an eye to business. They broke off their kind advice very suddenly and advised the interested party to visit the medium at his parlors, where sittings are charged for.

A lawn party given Wednesday, May 24th, at the residence of Mrs. Ellwanger, 907 Taylor Avenue, in honor of the Humanitarian Society of Spiritualists organized about six weeks ago by Mr. Jules Wallace, for the purpose of assisting the needy in whatever line required, independent of creed or sex.

A merrier crowd of bright, intelligent Spiritualists was never before assembled. The entertainment was wholly made up of amateur talent, its numbers varying from gay to serious; instrumental and vocal music, followed by dancing, which was highly enjoyed by many beautiful young girls and their escorts. So attractive was the program that the call for supper was reluctantly answered. The tables were abundantly supplied with all the delicacies of the season.

What added to the pleasures of the evening was the lawn party given Wednesday, May 24th, at the residence of Mrs. Ellwanger, 907 Taylor Avenue, in honor of the Humanitarian Society of Spiritualists organized about six weeks ago by Mr. Jules Wallace, for the purpose of assisting the needy in whatever line required, independent of creed or sex.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

The usual circle met in Lincoln Hall Sunday evening, the 23d ult., at half-past six, and some very good tests were given by the mediums present. Mrs. Jackson's tall, stylish figure, quiet and steadily passed from one to another, and every test was recognized. To one gentleman she described his mother and wife, telling him to stand up for his rights, and keep hold of the papers, that it was right that he should do so, and when he took that journey he must be sure to know why he did so, and above all things keep hold of the papers himself. He said nothing until asked if he knew what she meant, when he bowed his head. To the next she said: "You have Scotch ancestors, for I hear the words, 'it's nae gaed.' She described his disposition; said he was going to take a quick, unexpected journey; described to him his sister and various other things, all of which he was obliged to recognize, except those which remained to be proven. Another gentleman almost started out of his chair when she spoke a name, and said that person was present. "Why," he said, "that person was my cousin." She also spoke another name, and said, "he is coming from the East, and when he does he will want you to go with him somewhere. Do it; it will be best." With her characteristic directness she then said: "What makes you always look on the dark side? You are always reaching up, but are afraid to let go down below. You never will progress that way." With comical meekness, he replied: "How can I help it." And so on until the time was up. Mrs. Jackson's simple, straightforward manner creates confidence in her mediumship, and those who do not believe in mediumship are obliged to believe that she follows her honest convictions.

AN OBSERVER.

Ashley, O.

The Ashley Camp-meeting will open August 20th in Woolley Park, and continue over three Sundays, closing September 4th. The speakers now engaged are Hon. A. B. French, D. M. King, Mrs. Carrie Firth, D. A. Herrick, and negotiations are pending with fair prospect of success, to secure the services of Hon. O. P. Kellogg, of Wyoming, formerly of Ashtabula, this State, and will be remembered by many as a very pleasant speaker. The association has purchased thirty-eight acres of fine grove just outside the corporation, and have named it "Woolley Park," in honor of Mr. Solomon Woolley of Columbus, O., a generous contributor to its purchase. Various improvements are being made, and will be continued until everything is in first-class order. The park is within one-fourth mile of depot on the Big Four Railroad, thirty miles North from Columbus. Good accommodations will be given all who attend the camp, and at moderate rates. Many good mediums will undoubtedly be present. Mediums who expect to attend and wish to be advertised are requested to write to that effect. Address,

F. H. MOREHOUSE, Corr. Sec'y.

Marengo, O.

Worth Remembering.

Among the railroads entering Cincinnati, one of the most popular of the lines to the West, Southwest, and Northwest is the Ohio and